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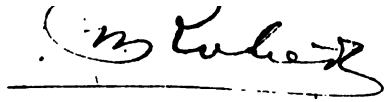

12/21

NEL
Chandler

1. No subject.

Sir Hubert,

AN

HEROIC BALLAD.

Sir Hubert,

AN

HEROIC BALLAD.

BY

JOHN WESTBROOKE CHANDLER.

Ne perdas operam: qui se mirantur, in illos
Virus habe: nos hæc novimus esse nihil.

MARTIAL.

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PREFACE.

THEY who are, in the slightest degree, acquainted with the progress of almost any species of composition, will not be surprised to hear, that the present volume owes its existence to an accidental sketch, trifling in its nature, and incorrect in its form.

Works of imagination are, I believe, not unfrequently produced from such

slender and fortuitous rudiments: thought generates thought: and there are a thousand ramifications in the latent mine, which, if sedulously pursued, may lead the labourer to veins of ore, not less delightful to his fancy, than animating to his hopes.

Success encourages toil—and it is gratifying to have produced something: yet, it must be admitted that, in the moment of ardent pursuit, we give too often to the worthless earth we have discovered, a metallic value.

Young minds receive with avidity, and retain with tenaciousness, the first impressions of pathos and of picture which offer themselves in plain and intelligible forms:

forms: I have ever been an admirer of many of our old ballads; I am still charmed with the natural sentiments, and the simplicity of expression, with which they abound—(probably, because there is so little of that cobweb ornament, and glittering *nothing* which distinguishes the poetical effusions of the present day.) I had written the following story upon those models: it was not the result of much thought, nor of great anxiety, for, I feared as little from censure, as I hoped from praise: I will not deny, however, that the eulogies it received, from the few *partial friends* to whose judgment it was submitted, first suggested the design of obtruding it on the world, and excited me from time to time (in those moments which could be stolen from a different avocation,

avocation, for rhyming is not the business of my life) to make it less unworthy the attention of such as delight in these sort of fictions.

With this view, it was no longer an affair of mere relaxation; I applied closely to the task; I seized eagerly every object which seemed capable of being wrought into the work. Thus, by degrees, I had contrived to weave into the slender fabric of my first design, materials of so new and different a complexion, that, at length, so much was the plainness of the texture overpowered by these intrusive ornaments, I was compelled, in order to make it of a piece, *duntaxat et unum*, to draw out, or rather entirely to cover, the original ground: It had assumed a totally

totally different color; it was also considerably increased in bulk—in short, it had altogether lost its first character. It may probably now have no character at all; for having perhaps (unwittingly) given more of modern refinement to the sentiments of my *dramatis personæ* than the age in which they are supposed to have existed will countenance, I have been consequently obliged to weed away the obsolete words with which it was sprinkled, and to make the phraseology more consentaneous to the thoughts: I have been also too frequently so far hurried away, by the emotions, and by the situations I was endeavouring to describe, as to forget that equal tenor, and simplicity of diction, which, from the title, the reader has a right to expect.

Respecting

Respecting the versification, it will doubtless be objected, that I have taken too great and frequent liberties with the established nature of the stanza I have chosen; but I shall be forgiven by those who feel, that the monotonous, and perpetual recurrence of similar cadences, even supposing them to be always musical, soon becomes tiresome, if not disgusting to the ear.

Thus, I have mentioned some of the defects of this unelaborated production; there are many more, not less obvious, which I shall leave to the indulgence, or to the severity of the critic, if any, who truly deserve that name, shall honor it with their remarks; to the illiberal who assume it, I have nothing to advance.

There

There are some persons in the world, whose approbation would be reproof; there are others also whose censure will be praise.

GOLDEN SQUARE,
May 31, 1800.

ERRATA.

Page viii	*for*	these	*read*	this
40, 74, 123	---	chrystal	---	crystal
96	---	rolls	---	roll
116	---	swains	---	swain
117	---	twising	---	twisting
121	---	planoply	---	panoply
126	---	ducet	---	dulcet
129	---	dawning	---	dawnings
136	---	school	---	schools
147	---	'thad	---	't had
152	---	gateful	---	grateful
153	---	helpless	---	hapless
156	---	evening	---	ev'ning's
190	---	I chanc'd	---	It chanc'd
200	---	tyrant's	---	tyrants
205	---	feeling) owns	---	feeling owns)

SIR HUBERT.

PART I.

..... et mihi dulces
ignoscent, siquid peccavero stultus, amici.
HOR.

SIR HUBERT.

Not for the gifts which fortune gave,
Thy patrimonial seats,
Thy fertile vales, and pendant woods,
The muses calm retreats:

Not that the rolls of ancient fame
Thy noble line declare,
In peace their country's graceful pride,
It's brave defence in war:

Nor, that thy mind enrich'd with taste,
Illum'd with fancy's ray,
Spreads round thy hospitable board
An intellectual day:

SIR HUBERT.

Not for the gifts which fortune gave,
Thy patrimonial seats,
Thy fertile vales, and pendant woods,
The muses calm retreats:

Not that the rolls of ancient fame
Thy noble line declare,
In peace their country's graceful pride,
It's brave defence in war:

Nor, that thy mind enrich'd with taste,
Illum'd with fancy's ray,
Spreads round thy hospitable board
An intellectual day:

Wealth, birth, and taste, may still be thine;
But, for thy greater boast,
Diminish'd in whose brighter blaze,
Taste, birth, and wealth are lost,

Benevolence! for that my muse
Inscribes her gothic lays,
GREVILLE to thee; and at thy feet
Her willing homage pays.

What though no academic crown
Her virgin temples claim;
Reclusive in her native woods,
And all unknown to fame;

If, but a wreath of wildest flow'rs,
Or osier's pliant boughs,
Twin'd with the alder's rustling leaves,
Nod graceful on her brows;

Wilt thou refuse the votive verse
She labors to impart?
Tho' worthless, thou wou'dst not refuse
The off'rings of the heart!

And—if some touch of nature here,
Of picture, or of thought;
Whate'er her infant eye imprest,
Or riper years have caught,

Be told in simple words—(the verse
Though sometimes weak, not dull,
Nor flowing oft for lack of thought
Mellifluously full,)

Thou wilt not blame the wand'ring muse,
That, on a summer's day,
Involv'd in visionary thought,
On Derwent's banks she lay,

Framing a thousand airy shapes,
Till, fill'd with fancy's fire,
Wildly she rose—and, erring, for
The pencil snatch'd the lyre!

Yet, judge with candor, for thou know'st,
In life's bewilder'd plan,
What cares, alas! forbid to close
What sanguine hope began.

Life is at best so short, that he
Who meditates too long,
May end, like thine own snowy swans,
His being with his song.

And life's uncertain too—the sun
Now gilds the western shore
With his declining rays—that sun
May rise for me no more!

Ere death destroy, or stealing age
The muse's pow'r suspend,
Take then, my kind preceptor, guide,
My patron and my friend—

O take these rude unpolish'd rhymes
From graver studies won,
Accepting kindly what I have,
For what I might have done.

It was a story full of woe,
That, in her lonely tow'r,
Beguil'd fair Ethelind to waste
The dark and silent hour.

It was a story full of woe,
Of pity, and of dread;
For in her looks th' impassion'd thought
Seem'd pictur'd as she read.

Now pale her cheek, now like the rose
Her crimson blushes glow;
And now she heav'd the struggling sigh,
And tears began to flow.

(O! beauty's, virtue's sacred tears,
The lover's—poet's praise;
Ye spread with never-fading leaves
The myrtle and the bays!)

Thus sympathy, thy secret springs
The soul resistless move:
How cou'd a lover read unmov'd
The fond records of love!

'Yes Raymond! thus thy woes began—
An orphan and unknown—
Change but the name and place (she said)
The story is thy own.'

Raymond had won her virgin heart:
From reason's earliest dawn,
(The partner of her infant cares)
Their wishes were but one.

The dignity of manly form
Scarce crown'd his op'ning bloom;
Ere his undaunted mind presag'd
The hero yet to come.

What exercise of arts or arms
That swell the youthful breast,
And nerve with strength the glowing limbs
But Raymond's pow'r confest?

Who when swift gliding o'er the vale
The kite the wren pursu'd,
So surely steept his arrow's point
Unerring in her blood?

Or who, while beauteous dames beheld
The joust with fearful eyes,
(The sun-bright champion of the list)
So oft obtain'd the prize?

For now, the grace of chivalry,
Resplendent arms he wore:
White was his plume, and on his shield
An argent cross he bore.

Belov'd of all for truth of heart,
Ingenuous, gen'rous, kind;
Not manly beauty more his form
Than virtue grac'd his mind.

Sir Rowland (Eth'lind's honor'd sire)
His rising worth approv'd;
And next to her (his only hope)
The gallant Raymond lov'd:

Yet sometimes, trembling o'er his cheek,
The secret tear wou'd flow;
And melancholy shade his face
With a sad cast of woe.

Tho' blest with fair Eth'linda's love,
(What cannot pow'r and gold?)
The Baron HUBERT still he fear'd,
Importunate and bold.

In council wise, and brave in war,
Edward approv'd his worth;
And added honors in the field
To his illustrious birth.

Yet was he gloomy, and perverse,
Subtile t' obtain his end;
But not obtain'd, remorseless, fell,
And vengeful as a fiend.

Black-brow'd, severe his piercing eyes;
His face of sallow hue,
His bony limbs of giant mould
Repulsive struck the view.

Him Raymond fear'd—not vainly, for
No humble suitor—he
Demands fair Eth'lind from her sire,
The bond of amity.

Lord of a wide domain, he rul'd
With absolute command:
Oppressive, proud, the tyrant-scourge,
The terror of the land!

Well might Sir Raymond dread his pow'r,
And implacable hate,
Well mourn his own abjected hopes,
And his dependant state.

His birth obscure—Sir Rowland's care,
(His gen'rous foster sire)
Still unrepaid but with his love,
Represt his ardent fire.

Oft wou'd he wrapt in fitful thought
Along the forest rove,
And struggle with his haughty soul
And his complaining love.

Oft till the shade of Roslin tow'rs
(Wash'd by Sabrina's flood)
An indistinguishable length
Projected o'er the wood.

'Shall I (thus frequent wou'd he think)
Since fortune plac'd me here,
Shall I, Sir Rowland, thus repay
Thy bounty and thy care?

Is't not enough that to thy gifts
I life and honor owe;
And shall I claim the beauteous source
Whence all thy comforts flow?

Fatal distinction! but for this—
(Close to his breast he wore
A glittering gem, RAYMOND that gem
In golden letters bore.)

Yes—but for this, still deemed the son
Of some illit'rate swain,
In humble ignorance I had toil'd
Along the furrow'd plain.

Or, I had led a shepherd's life
Below ambition's scope;
And love at distance had remov'd
Too infinite for hope.

Perhaps some simple village maid
Had been my homely wife;
And I had liv'd content—obscure,
And labor'd out my life.

What tho' around my stately tomb
No captive banners wav'd;
Where no inscriptive verse was read,
Nor no atchievement grav'd—

Tho' to my humbler, silent dust,
No pompous rites were pay'd—
My fellow swains assembled there,
In russet garbs array'd,

Had on that day of sacred rest,
When to the lonely sound
Heard far, of knolling bell they come
From all the hamlet round

Still blest my memory—and bent
The springing briar o'er
My turf—sprinkled with honest tears,
And many a vernal flow'r—

Shines not the sun as warm on him
Who lies beneath the sod,
As whom the marble tomb enfolds
Within her vain abode?

Unenvied and unenvying then,
Nor glory had inspir'd,
Nor secret grief consum'd my soul,
Nor hopeless passion fir'd:

Nor gratitude had fetter'd love;
Or humble duty done
Those rites which lib'ral love wou'd do
Spontaneous, and alone.

Yes—but for this so oft bewept!
I had at distance seen,
Or tremblingly approach'd the shrine
That shuts my soul within.'

Thus wou'd he muse, duty and love
Contending in his breast;
Till love like stifled fire prevail'd,
And scorn'd to be represt.

Sir Rowland knew full well to prize
The gifts of wealth and fame,
Not to o'errate, and not deny'd
The modest Raymond's claim.

Unlike those wayward sires whom age
Hath sprinkled o'er with snow;
Who mindless of their former loves,
Of love become the foe;

He not forbade, he but delay'd
The long protracted day.
(But slow with lovers yet unblest,
Creeps tardy time away!)

Yet who that feels around his heart
Love's filial tendrils climb—
What lover even, but shall plead
To expiate his crime?

Cou'd he without a pang forego
The charm that sooth'd him still;
Sweet Ethelind—cou'd she forget
The dictate of his will!

Long had she (e'en from infancy)
A mother's care surviv'd,
And good Sir Rowland saw in her
His Emma's worth reviv'd.

Bounteous like her in gen'rous cares,
She past her useful hours,
And crown'd domestic virtue, with
The muses graceful flow'rs.

Ah! who had seen the gentle maid,
What time around the bed
Of anguish, pale disease, and death,
Their threat'ning phantoms led,

Who that had seen at her approach
The grisly demons fly—
Terror and pain—as shadows flit
Before the morning sky,

And heard her sweet persuasive voice
Soothing affliction's wound;
So sweet—that even agony
Would listen to the sound;

And had not thought an angel form,
Irradiate, stood confest,
To cheer the fainting soul with hopes
Of heaven's eternal rest?

Not more her virtues than her charms
The captive soul ensnare;
Pure as the lily's perfume those,
These as it's blossoms fair.

'Twere doubtful if amid the flow'rs
She nurst at rosy dawn—
Or now the gentle Ethelind
With greater lustre shone.

Now that each feature's soften'd grace
Reflects the conscious light,
And spreads a milder radiance round
That charms the ling'ring night.

Reclining on her couch she lay;
(In Guido's silv'ry teint
Thus on the animated cloth
Respires the raptur'd saint.

Prophaner thus Vecelli's hand
With love's bright arrow trac'd
Soft on her rosy bed, the queen
That Amathonta grac'd.

Save only that Eth'linda's robe
Each hidden grace imply'd
Yet shew'd, enamour'd of her form,
The charms 'twas meant to hide.)

One hand her lovely cheek sustained,
Of vermil's softest shade;
One turn'd the legendary leaf,
Still as she sigh'd and read.

Oft as she trims the tremb'ling light
Her azure eyes appear.
And o'er her soft luxuriant curls
Rolls many a pearly tear.

Half o'er her ivory shoulders hung
A veil of whitest hue,
And half reveal'd (unconscious maid!)
Her bosom to the view.

Between there lay a sparkling cross
Beaming with ruby fires—
Burning in snow—it heav'd—it breath'd—
And blush'd with soft desires!

Thus sweeter than the dewy flow'rs
That scent the ev'ning gale,
Comparing still her Raymond's fate
She read the piteous tale.

'Twas thus. [Within the darksome wood
The 'lated trav'ller sees
The hov'ring light, flashing by fits
Amongst the distant trees.

He follows still, yet still it flies—
Anon it disappear'd,
When thro' the silent gloom afar,
A piercing shriek was heard.—

Quick to his pulseless heart, his blood
Rusht, curdling as it ran;
And his pale stony limbs but shew'd
The statue of a man.

What if the phantom lure me to
Some hag-frequented cave,
(He thought) or sink in whelming mire,
Or plunge me in the wave:

Or bear me sudden thro' the air
Within a whirlwind tost,
Or dash me on some pointed rock
Or some deserted coast.

I was possest so late to leave
Thro' this wild wood to dare
My smiling host—and cheerful fire—
And hospitable fare.

Ah luckless, luckless wight!—Their tears
Shall soon thy loss deplore—
Ne'er shalt thou see thy wife, thy friends,
Nor thy dear master more.

Fain wou'd he now regain his inn,
For his faint heart was froze;
But some strange impulse drives him on,
And onward still he goes.

With his keen sword, thro' weeds and briars,
And boughs, he hews his way;
Now high, now low, o'er furze or fern,
He chac'd the fatal ray—

Few were the stars—whose trembling beams
Half quench'd in misty night,
Shot thro' the gloomy waving boughs,
An ineffectual light.

A death-like silence reigns o'er all—
Save that from distant farms
The watch dogs bark—a shrilling shriek
Again his soul alarms!

Firmer he grasps his trusty sword,
And stops—and listens round;
'Twas silent—save the mournful wind
That lull'd the dark profound.

And now he gain'd a craggy hill
O'ertopt with wildest wood;
This he ascends, and for awhile
Again he list'ning stood.

Below, deep in the lonely dale
All mould'ring to decay,
What once had been a stately pile
In silent ruin lay.

Thither he bends his anxious steps,
For, as he look'd, anon
From this room now and now from that
A glimm'ring lustre shone.

He pants—he struggles with his fear,
He calms his flutt'ring breath—
He enters now—'twas still, and dark,
And desolate as death!

With slow and silent steps he steals
Across the grass-grown hall—
And now a feeble ray of light
Glanc'd swift along the wall.

Down rugged half-worn steps it led—
He follow'd—still it flew—
He follow'd still—the dreary wind
In hollow murmurs blew!

He heard as from an echoing vault,
Or from the hollow ground
A mournful cry—an echoing vault
Return'd a mournful sound.

What were his thoughts if he cou'd think
Whom terror had congeal'd;
When a rent wall at which he stood,
The shudd'ring sight reveal'd!

By a pale lamp's uncertain light,
Deep in a dreary cell,
Where bats unfold their armed wings,
And noxious reptiles dwell;

There—from the yawning earth arose,
Or, to his fearful eyes,
A figure wrapt in vap'rous gloom,
Terrific, seem'd to rise.

(Around o'er rotting skulls, and bones,
Lank worms insatiate crawl;
And silv'ry tracks meand'rous wound
Gleam slimy from the wall)

'Twas not a man—for that soft fire
Which from the soul profound,
Irradiates all the human form
And spreads a lustre round,

That beam of an eternal lamp
Which from the bright abodes
Of heav'n depends, which seraphs breathe
Which emanates from gods

Was fled! 'Twas fled—Sweet charity
(Within whose glowing sphere,
The ice-drop at the wretch's heart
Dissolves into a tear)

No longer warm'd that gloomy breast,
Which, like a sepulchre,
Inurn'd impassive, rayless life—
The trav'ller shook with fear!

It was a murderer!———————
His cheeks of living stone,
Which pity's tears had ne'er embalm'd,
Were shrivel'd to the bone.

His haggard eye, and sordid beard,
And tatter'd liv'ry, shew'd
Him some discarded, caitiff groom,
Whom penury had bow'd—

The trav'ller heard a mournful cry!
The ruffian grasps his knife—
Yet save me, said an infant voice,
For pity save my life.

Peace little wretch, the ruffian said,
And let me dig thy grave:
No blood, no gold—'tis the reward
And not thy life I'd have.....

O! if thou wou'dst but spare my life,
With gold thy trunks I'd fill,
When I am grown to be a man,
Indeed—indeed I will.....

Thou wilt not live to man's estate,
Thou hast a mortal foe:
His restless soul will never cease
To work thy overthrow.....

But why art thou my enemy?
I never injur'd thee—
O! could I save thy life I wou'd,
Have pity then on me.

My father too——Thy father's dead
(The grim assassin cried)
In foreign lands—Thou art his heir,
Thou might'st not else have died.

And why would'st wish to live?—'tis hell—
Life is a ling'ring curse!
I've found it so—to live in want
And infamy is worse.....

O, from a mother dear as mine,
'Tis more than death to part;
Were thine as kind—wert thou to die,
Thy loss wou'd break her heart.....

Peace! for thou shak'st my iron soul.....
Then take me back—thy hire,
She loves me so—will far exceed
Whate'er thou can'st desire.....

Curse on the tear that o'er my cheek,
A trembling coward! steals—
Is't not a crime for him to feel
For whom no creature feels?....

O! Oliver, I know thee now,
I know thy gentler voice,
Thou wilt not kill me Oliver—
Ha! know'st me! then no choice

Is left—thou diest.—He whets his knife,
When, like a fury fell,
The traveller——Fair Eth'lind starts—
She heard the midnight bell.

END OF PART I.

SIR HUBERT.

PART II.

. . . . Anne aliquas ad cœlum hinc ire putandum est
Sublimes animas? iterum ne in tarda reverti
Corpora?——————

VIR.

SIR HUBERT.

Where disembodied after death
The infant spirit flies:
To what etherial fields of light
Beyond our mortal skies—

If spirits seek those distant orbs
In fields etherial swung
Around their constellated suns,
Th' abodes whence first they sprung—

Or happier, that eternal source
Of life, and thought divine;
Whose beams suns but reflect—and there
Thro' endless ages shine,

Ah! who can tell?—perhaps, thicker
Than sun-beam moats, they glide
Myriads—o'er all th' immense of space
Illimitably wide;

Of virtue, and of vice on earth,
No former act forgot;
The good shrin'd in their heav'n, the b
Wrapt in their hell of thought.

Do they revisit after death
The dark sepulchral cell,
And moping haunt the ruin'd fane
And gothic pinnacle,

Then when the nodding thistle bends
Before the ev'ning blast,
And sighing sees its floating down
Borne o'er the desart waste—

Or nightly pace with steps unseen
The long deserted hall,
What time the gray grass whistles loose
That tops the moss-grown wall?

Wherefore?—Perhaps they drudge in air
Or elemental flame,
Water, or earth, and diff'rent pow'rs
Still different functions claim.

Perhaps with passions still—Envy,
And love, and cruel hate,
Conflicting as in mortal life
In war and fierce debate,

They blight the op'ning blooms of spring,
Or in the zephir sigh,
Or dash white foaming down the rocks,
Or on the lightning fly.

These raging heave the salt green surge
From ocean's oozy gulph
Ceaseless; those bicker in the storm,
While shiv'ring the drencht wolf

For hunger howls, and as their shouts
The shudd'ring welkin rend,
Aloft the screaming eagle hangs
And trembles to descend!

What shrieks of woe the passing wind
Wafts o'er th' ensanguin'd plain?
They are the cries of hostile ghosts:
Warriors in battle slain!

See! o'er those fields soak'd with their blood
The marshall'd legions fly!
See! yet they wave their fiery swords
Impalpable, on high!

Thro' their aërial banners, red
The rushing comet glares,
And shakes around his trailing fires,
Prognosticating wars!—

What countless shadows cross the moon,
And darken on the waves?—
They are the ghosts of mariners
Still hov'ring o'er their graves!

Deep! deep engulph'd in ocean's bed
Their bones are scatter'd wide;
(White on the pearly sands they lie,
Beneath the glassy tide.)

On the high rocks of coral there,
They mournfully complain,
And sigh around those iv'ry forms
They wou'd revive in vain—

Perhaps, and thus Eth'linda thought,
Our guardian angels, are
The souls of our departed friends,
O! take me to your care

She said—this night protect from harm,
If ought of harm invades
The bed of sleeping innocence.—
Protect ye watchful shades

If ever in the silent fane
Where your lov'd relicks lie,
Kneeling, I raise my pious hands
To bless your memory;

Fixt, as those marble effigies
Successive round your tombs:
When the faint ray of dusky eve
The solemn abbey glooms:

If e'er I blest your virtues—then
While fancy oft survey'd
From a long line of ancestry
Each venerable shade.

And chief, thou dear maternal form,
Whom mem'ry still pursues
Within oblivion's darkest cell,
And trembles still to lose;

(Some glimpses of whose radiant charms
My infant vision blest)
If not around the tomb alone
Thy airy form be trac'd;

If frequent in the moonlight glade,
Or in the cypress grove,
I mark thy gliding steps, in thought,
Where thou wert wont to rove

At morn or eve—Or from thy bow'r
Kept sacred still, I hear
Thy voice seraphic float along,
And tremulate my ear,

And lowly bending to thy shade,
Wou'd kiss the radiant feet
Which melt at my approach to air,
Claiming thy grace—if yet

I strive to emulate thy worth,
O shield me with thy wings!
And may my blissful visions be
Of heav'n and heav'nly things!

Let no intrusive earthly thought
Assail my peaceful breast—
No, let not even Raymond then—
She ceas'd—The hour of rest

Sat heavy on her lids—for now
Deep silence reign'd o'er all:
The bat had tir'd his circling wings,
And clinging to the wall,

Awhile regain'd his wasted breath.
Faint on the towers shone
The setting moon, and all around
To rest and peace were gone.

Were all at peace? can he be so
To base corruption sold,
The wretch who barters (such there were)
Integrity for gold?

Were all at rest? was nothing seen
In that bewitching hour,
Dark, dreary, terrible, and huge,
To pass the western tow'r?

Yes, slow along the western wall
While all the castle slept,
Dark, dreary, terrible, and huge
The gaunt Sir Hubert crept!

(Thus while the careless shepherds sleep,
With savage hunger bold,
The prowling wolf, relentless leaps
The unprotected fold.)

Beneath an ivy'd arch he knew
A secret winding way,
Led to the high romantic tower,
Where fair Eth'linda lay.

(For much she lov'd at eve or morn
To view the solemn scene—
Woods, rocks, and hills, and fertile meads,
And rivers roll'd between.)

Now kneeling, her uplifted eyes
Express'd her heav'nly thought,
And her enraptur'd soul expir'd
Pure as the heav'n she sought.

When, sudden from the battlements
The owl terrific scream'd
And thro' her lattic'd window—lo!
An haggard visage gleam'd!

'Tis gone—she said—'tis sometimes thus
Our busy fancies reign,
And what seems present to the sight,
But floats across the brain—

'Twas fancy, or the owlet's wing
(No guile her heart suspects,
For they are slowest still to fear
Whom innocence protects.)

His courser feels the goring spur,
And swift as lightning flies,
And Hubert, far from Roslin tow'rs
Conveys his beauteous prize—

When on a sea-beat rock, whose base
Conflicting clouds involve,
Sublime the vulture meditates
The cruel, dark resolve;

If chance below he see, or hear
The nestling ring-dove sigh,
Sudden he pounces on his prey,
And, sailing through the sky,

In thought, he tears her quiv'ring heart;
While sprinkled with her gore,
Soft flakes of snowy feathers fall,
And fly along the shore.

Thus Hubert flew, and in his gripe
The trembling Eth'lind prest:
His tyrant heart, and his fierce eyes,
A cruel joy confest.

Now had the chaste and conscious moon,
Sunk blushing from the sight,
And from the east the gath'ring clouds
O'ercast the hideous night:

The wind arose—on doubtful wings
Th' affrighted raven soars,
And loud the rustling woods are heard,
And loud the torrent roars.

As when attracted by some peak,
Huge, prominent, and high,
From all the black'ning heav'n around,
Collecting tempests fly;

Round Hubert thus as on he flew,
The lurid sky impends;
Still louder blows the rushing wind,
And all the forest bends.

Affrighted sunk the rayless stars
Deep in the cloudy waste:
Till now the black and howling storm
Had all the scene o'ercast,

And bursting wide, the pelting rain
In rattling torrents fell:
The woods, the mountains crash around,
The rapid rivers swell.

Now Hubert spur thy coal-black steed
And well secure thy prize;
And felly bite thy lip, and rage,
And curse th' avenging skies.

But hear'st thou not amid the roar
(Heard from a thousand tongues)
A still small voice?—heap not (it cries)
The measure of thy wrongs;

The cruel—hellish bliss forego,
Nor ruthless, trample o'er
That paradise of breathing sweets,
Which spring shall ne'er restore.

The blush of death-provoking shame,
Not long shall Eth'lind feel;
And love, forlorn, in Raymond's heart,
Shall deeper strike than steel.

Wert thou unconscious of offence
Bethink thee—this alone
Wou'd sink thy soul, and ev'ry crime
Be consequent on one.

Forbear! a dying father's curse,
Still eloquent to plead,
May drag impending vengeance down,
To crush thee for the deed.—

Do'st thou not hear?—remorse shall come
In ages lonely hour,
And wake her serpents (slumb'ring yet
Unseen in pleasure's bow'r)

Then when thy once imperious eye
In vain shall ask respect,
(The meed of rev'rend well-spent years)
With scorn, and cold neglect

Remorse shall come, and o'er thee shake
Her hissing whip, and bare,
And scourge thy agonizing heart,
And sting thee to despair,

Hearst thou not yet?—nor seest thou not,
Oft as the forked light
Breaks from yon swift-advancing cloud,
Gilding the vault of night—

Lo, there again! caught not thine eye
A transient glimpse!—a form
Celestial, radiant as the day
Rides in the shrouding storm—

Again! and see, with outstretch'd arms,
She woos to her embrace,
Leaning from heav'n, some kindred saint,
With sweet maternal grace!

Now, to th' abodes of bliss, smiling
She points, and seems to say
'Come! burst the fragil bonds of life
O spirit, come away!'

And now her form, glitt'ring so late,
A thin, blue vapor shrouds—
Her floating robe dissolves—she fades
She mingles with the clouds!

Nor conscience wisp'ring to his soul,
Nor threat'ning heav'n appals;
Dauntless Sir Hubert flies to gain
His castle's gloomy walls.

But distant far o'er marsh and moor,
And wildly roaring flood;
O'er hill and dale, a dang'rous way,
His rising towers stood.

And now, amid the conflict drear,
As homeward still he drew,
Loud thunders bellow'd round his head,
And singeing lightnings flew.

With breath of flame, with feet of fire,
His courser speeds away
His breath of flame, his feet of fire,
His flinty track betray.

Beneath him roll'd the dusky scene,
He left the heath behind—
The gibbet creak'd—the murd'rer's bones
Swung rattling in the wind.

Now up a mountain's craggy side
With slacken'd pace he bends;
Now, desp'rate rushes to the vale,
And o'er the plain extends—

The storm abates—Two doubtful roads
A dreary wood divides:
The Baron trusts his faithful steed,
And onward still he rides.

He cross'd the marsh, he cross'd the moor,
He cross'd the roaring flood,
And saw at length, his rising tow'rs
Peep o'er the murky wood.—

What terrors shook thee, gentle maid,
In this disast'rous night.
Swift flitting like a falling star,
Thro' regions of affright!

Thus the freed spirit wanders, dread
And darkling thro' the gloom;
And, shudd'ring with mysterious doubts,
Revolves the world to come!

The storm recedes—o'er other plains
Its threat'ning thunders roll;
To break the charms of soothing sleep,
And shake the guilty soul.

For yet, no sound from human haunt
Struck grateful on the ear;
Nor shepherd's pipe, nor twitt'ring bird,
Proclaim'd the morning near.

At length—as when a ghost is dragg'd
Reluctant from the tomb,
The sullen misty morning rose,
And half dispell'd the gloom.

The shades were fled, the winds were still,
When o'er the distant plain,
Sir Hubert heard the sound of feet
Come galloping amain.

He spurs his courser to the bone,
And turning, sees behind
Sir Raymond on a milk-white horse
In speed outstrip the wind.

Dismount, dismount, thou recreant knight,
Dismount, Sir Raymond cried;
And soon my thirsty weapon shall
In thy false heart be dy'd!

When this he heard, Sir Hubert turn'd
To meet his breathless foe;
And in his teeth, with scornful eye,
This proud defiance throw.

(One giant arm his fauchion drew,
And one the lady held:)
Return fond boy, he taunting said,
And to my prowess yield.

Or, captive in yon rocky tow'r
That beetles o'er the tide,
Soon shalt thou see fair Ethelind
My victim or my bride.

I know by stratagem I've gain'd,
By pow'r I'll hold the prize—
Revenge sits quiv'ring on thy lip,
And flashes from thine eyes

In vain—for shou'dst thou, valiant, strike—
What sad revenge were thine;
Thy weapon thro' thy mistress' heart
Must find its way to mine!

Raymond return'd—thou talk'st as brave
As one whose life is charm'd;
Such boasting well becomes a knight
Invulnerably arm'd.

Yet ne'er within thy hated walls
My captive limbs shall rest,
Nor ever in thy tyrant arms,
My Ethelind be prest.

With that, at Hubert's coal-black steed
He aims a desp'rate blow—
Erring, his weapon falls—just where
The crimson nostrils glow

It fell, scarce conscious of his blood—
Sudden, in circles wheel'd
The fiery horse, and snorting, plunged,
And rear'd, and spurn'd the field:

Till, blind with rage, full at an oak
He threw his thund'ring chest,
And 'mid entangled weeds and boughs
The shrieking Eth'lind cast.

Raymond sprung lightly on the plain;
(While Hubert sooth'd his steed,)
And raised the swooning Ethelind;
Then thus to Hubert said,

I will not profit by this chance,
Tho' thou spurn'st honor's laws;
He need no base advantage take,
Who fights in virtue's cause.

Advance thy yet uninjur'd steed,
And I'll that cause maintain;
Or thou, or I, hold but my sword,
Shall in the fight be slain!

He said—and raised his beamy sword,
And meditates the blow,
For truth and Ethelind he cries!
And rushes on his foe.

As when, proud of his lordly strength,
The brinded lion views
The pard with scorn, which still repuls'd,
Vindictive still pursues,

Sir Hubert stood. Rash boy forbear,
Tempt not too far, he cried,
Call not my sleeping vengeance forth,
To crush thy stubborn pride.

That spark of hate which lights my soul,
Thy death wou'd ill repay;
Yield—yield thee to my power—full well
Thou know'st that power—obey!

Or if indeed thou'rt bent to quench
My hatred with thy blood,
I'll toss thy scatter'd limbs abroad
To feed the eagle's brood;

And yonder maid shall in a cell
(By me approach'd alone)
Drag out a solitary life,
Unpitied and unknown—

Infuriate then, Sir Raymond cried,
O'ercome with vengeful ire,
Perdition on thy hopes, and thee,
My tortur'd soul's on fire!

Nor yet in life, nor yet in death,
Shall I but feed thy hate—
Tyrant come on, or life or death
I'll certify my fate!—

The trav'ller, ne'er some hollow lane
Where the lone hovel stands,
Sees thence at eve bright flame by fits,
Gleam o'er the furrow'd lands;

And sees, as o'er the glowing share,
Their pond'rous hammers sound,
The smiths at ev'ry lab'ring stroke,
Spread steely sparkles round.

Thus, flashing with the orient beam,
Their polish'd armour shone,
And thus beneath a show'r of fire,
These combatants laid on.

This way and that Sir Raymond turns,
And ev'ry traverse tries,
And what his body lacks in strength,
His valiant soul supplies.

Sir Hubert wheels, and dext'rous fends,
And wou'd disarm his foe,
And now, enraged, he meditates
To end him at a blow.

Neigh their fierce steeds—the woods resound,
And now they pant for breath—
Again Sir Raymond cried aloud
Or Ethelind or death!

He falls! he falls! Sir Hubert's sword
His plumed helm hath cleft—
He lies extended on the plain
As one of life bereft.

END OF PART II.

SIR HUBERT.

PART III.

Quantum perfidiæ tecum, Scelerate, perisset
Dempta forent capiti quam mala multa meo.

OVID.

SIR HUBERT.

O ! had I been some pow'rful fay,
Sylpha, or Oberon ;
Or, such as droning swains behold,
Recumbent in the sun ;

Who plies the whirling flail so fast,
That listless still they lie,
'Till waking, lo! the corn's unthresh'd,
And all the day gone by :

Or he, within the green-wood shade,
(While o'er the mossy ground,
The bee inflates her drowsy horn,
And, querulous around

The ceaseless grasshopper is heard;)
That sprite, who softly steals
Close to the slumb'ring poet's ear,
And wond'rous things reveals:

Such LESBIA as inspires thy muse
(Thyself a muse!) and spreads,
Marking thy footsteps, golden flowr's,
Where'er thy fancy leads:

Or, such as frequent I have seen—
What time I pass'd the day,
Immortal Avon! on thy banks,
In indolence away.

When (half conceal'd 'mong opening sweet
That crown thy silver stream
Breathing of heav'n) I musing lay,
While, like a rapturous dream,

Imagination's boundless orb
Revolving round me flew,
And all the fairy world at once,
Burst dazzling on my view!—

When myriads, twink'ling to the moon,
In gossamer array'd,
Tripp'd lightly o'er th' unbending grass,
And peopled all the glade;

Or soft on wings of æther borne,
Untwisted solar rays,
To tinge th' unfolding buds of spring,
Or in the gem to blaze—

Of these, or those, had I that day
From morn's celestial eye,
Haply a golden sun-beam glanc'd,
Or breath'd her fragrant sigh;

Or, pendant from the blossom'd spray
Within a dew-drop bright;
Had with my starry eyes look'd round
A liquid living light,

And seen Sir Raymond on the plain,
And at his latest gasp;
And thee O gentle Ethelind!
In that fell tyrant's grasp;

Whom not thy supplicating eyes
Thy piteous shrieks, thy love,
Thy trembling breath, thy fainting heart,
Whom no distress cou'd move;

Soon tho' unseen of mortal sight,
Gigantic had I stood,
And Hubert's head had lain as low
As ev'ry tyrant's shou'd!

Vain wish! I heard his bugle horn
Re-echoing far and wide,
(Suspended by a golden chain
It dangled from his side.)

Sudden upon the battlements
The Senechal attends—
I hear the sound of rattling chains,
The pond'rous bridge descends—

The gate's unbarr'd—a foaming steed
Light-bounding o'er the ground
Reaches the moat—now on the bridge
His clattering hoofs resound—

'Tis Hubert and his beauteous prize!—
Swift thro' the gates they flew—
Soft as dissolving mist, her veil
Yet flutters to my view.

High on a rock, impregnable,
His tow'ring fortress rose,
Vast—frowning from the skies, it mock'd
The malice of his foes.

Its tow'rs of Norman structure rude,
Irregularly stood;
And deep below was heard to roar,
The hoarse resounding flood.

Around the hungry eagle flew,
(Its antiquated guest;)
And on the shiv'red crag was seen,
The cormorant's fishy nest.

No flow'rs, nor mantling ivy green,
Its battlements o'erspread;
Nor fragrant shrub, nor festal bow'r,
Wav'd round a grateful shade.

But, black with gloomy pine, a wood
The southern side embrac'd;
Whose scath'd and leafless arms were bent
Before the salt sea blast.

Within, an aweful silence reign'd,
That chill'd the shudd'ring sense;
And in the spacious rooms appear'd
A dim magnificence.

Unfrequent to the minstrel's harp
Those vaulted roofs replied,
(Roofs rough with imbricated gold,
And wrought with gothic pride:)

Unfrequent o'er th' impannel'd floors,
The festive dance was led;
Or round the wide extended board,
The costly banquet spread.

The feast, the dance, the minstrels' song,
Oppressive fear restrained;
And solitude with slumb'rous wings,
In savage grandeur reign'd.

The pomp of pageant heraldry,
Adorn'd the stately halls;
And forms of giant ancestors,
Were pictur'd on the walls—

(A frowning race, their boasted deeds
Emblazon'd arms declare;
Skill'd and delighting in the chace,
And terrible in war.)

The ancient, well-wrought arras, 'spoke
The bold designer's skill;
Unfetter'd fancy roam'd abroad,
And wanton'd there at will.

As to his ear who musing strays
At eve o'er hallow'd ground,
Now faintly heard, now loud and deep,
Aïerial harps resound,

From clouds of magic light and shade
Harmonious colors, bright
Emerging, or retiring, thus
Deceiv'd the ravish'd sight.

Expression, action, life, by turns
The mute attention held;
The passion spoke—the figure breath'd—
And the big muscle swell'd.

Here chiefly might be seen th' award
Of the avenging gods,
Whose high imperial palaces,
And chrystalline abodes,

Those impious, mad with tyrant pow'r
Unblest, infuriate storm'd,
And with their unavailing rage
The ravag'd earth deform'd.

Hills rich with herds and waving crops,
From the shook earth were riv'n,
And all the sacred gifts of gods
Hurl'd back again on heav'n!—

Here Hubert lov'd to meditate;
As if his soul had swell'd,
And stretch'd his growing limbs, and he
Became what he beheld.

Oft wou'd he, clad in pond'rous steel,
(The arms of some tall knight)
While yet a boy, heroic stalk,
And struggle with their weight;

And still the giant's rage abet,
And bend his angry eyes
On heav'n, already sullied with
His infant blasphemies.

Why Hubert, blind with lust of pow'r,
Did'st thou not contemplate
Th' effects of tyrant sway abus'd,
And impious debate?

Lo! wrought with all a master's fire,
Th' opposing arras shews,
(Lessoning the mind) the just award
Of heav'ns presumptuous foes.

'Gainst rocks receding from the view,
Contending lightnings fly,
And Pelion crown'd with all his woods
Rush'd thund'ring to the sky.

Here broken from those splendid tow'rs,
Some fragments fell around,
(So well the artists hand had wrought)
And glitter'd on the ground.

Topaz, and di'monds' brighter blaze,
Opal, and chrysolite,
Gem'd o'er the ruinated earth,
And glow'd with heav'nly light.

(Such now the wond'ring swains behold,
Who turn that ancient soil,
And pride, and mad ambition, still
Are envious of the spoil.)

In vain!——Th' imperial battlements;
Invulnerably bright,
Repel the missile world, and crush
The giants with its weight.

One, reeling o'er a forest vast,
'Mong crashing branches lies,
The bending forest seems to groan
And tremble with his cries.

Another writhes his quiv'ring limbs
Enormous on the shore;
And miles around, the swelling sea
Flows red with spumy gore.

Prone to the earth, flat on his breast,
On one a mountain lies,
And covers, save his stretching hands,
And heav'n-defying eyes:

Prest by the weight, his spouting blood
Through ev'ry pore was thrust;
And black with blasphemy, his tongue
Lay quiv'ring in the dust.

Orgus, his arms the (hides of bulls
Steep'd in th' immortal blood
Of gods, impervious thence) in vain
Vindictive heav'n withstood.

In act to throw a quarry huge,
Fierce lightnings stop his breath;
Ghastly he stands, and seems to fight,
And threaten still in death—

Sir Hubert ever this dismay'd;
As if some secret thought,
Prophetic of impending fate,
Within his bosom wrought:

Oft as the phantom caught his eye,
A creeping terror stole
Cold o'er his paling limbs, and chill'd
The current of his soul.

Beyond lay galleries and rooms,
Where busy feet ne'er trod;
And unmolested silence own'd
The desolate abode.

Save when the flutt'ring daw was heard,
To shake her furtive bow'r,
Or Hubert pac'd the armoury,
At twilight's solemn hour.

There, on the cluster'd columns, hung
The arms of many a knight;
From high the massy trophies gleam'd,
And cast a livid light.

Morions, and shields, and plumed casques
And greaves of mighty size,
Gauntlets, and lances red with blood
Of conquer'd enemies.

In niches, canopied with stone,
Successively were plac'd
Bright suits of arms, compleat as when
They warrior limbs encas'd.

Distinguish'd from the rest, a bold
And graceful form was there;
Known by his blood-besprinkled scarf,
And by his broken spear.

On this the Baron oft wou'd gaze,
Till many a sigh exprest
His filial grief; nor grief alone
Revolv'd his troubled breast,

Wayward revenge inflam'd his eyes,
Where, ever scowling, sate
Yet-bleeding pride, and scorn, and fix'd
Hereditary hate.

Oft wou'd his mutter'd curses load
The midnight gloom profound,
E'en till th' applauding armour rung
Responsive to the sound.—

Not distant hence there stood a tow'r,
Where nothing met the eye,
Save the green sea with less'ning waves
Extending to the sky.

And nought was heard but wildest birds
Still screaming as they flew;
And dashing waves, and howling winds,
Which thro' deep caverns blew.

'Twas here (as one from dreaming starts
With wild distracted eyes,
Nor sleeping yet nor yet awake
His doubtful senses tries,)

Fair Eth'lind rising from a couch,
Look'd round.—A host of fears,
(Phantoms, and forms without a name)
To her sad soul appears.—

(Thus to th' impatient maiden's thought,
Across the wizard's glass;
The shadowy shapes of future times
In dread succession pass—

Or thus th' affrighted world has seen,
The red portentous sky,
The boreal spectres hover round,
The trembling glory fly;)

For save o'er her, a lustre spread
From the arch'd window's height;
On all around, there fell a grey,
And visionary light.

She thought, before her fearful eyes,
A pale tall figure stood;
And in his threat'ning hand, he bore
An instrument of blood.

Or anchorite, or friar he seem'd;
Clad in a russet gown:
Bald was his head, and from his face,
A silv'ry beard hung down.—

Beside there stood another shape
(Such on the dreary heath,
While whistles loud the bleak north wind,
Gabbling her spells of death,

The highland shepherd frequent sees,
Guarding the midnight fold:)
Haggard she look'd—her wither'd hands,
A c rystal goblet hold:

Brown, loose, and freckled was her skin,
And rayless was her eye;
And hairy warts grew near her lips,
Distended, thin, and dry.

Low, o'er a grisly length of neck,
Her scatter'd locks were seen;
Waveless and scant, of fiery red,
With sprinkled grey between.

Now Eth'lind thro' thy trembling nerves
Tumultuous horrors roll!
On either side now this, now that
Presents the steel or bowl—

The friar resolves to give the blow,
He grasps thy trembling arm,
He strikes—he strikes—the shining steel
In thy life's blood is warm!

See! from the wound the purple stream
Flows fearful to the sight—
Her beauteous head declines, she falls!
Her eyes are clos'd in night!

Celestial pow'rs, who hover o'er
Life's unreturning day,
To cheer the soul with hopes of bliss,
And lead the starry way,

Wafted by whose ambrosial wings,
The clouds diversely driv'n,
Leave unobscur'd to mortal sight,
Th' irradiate thrones of heav'n;

Oh snatch not yet her flutt'ring soul,
Impatient of the prize,
Not yet her flutt'ring soul prepares,
To meet her native skies!

And lo! (not long in Lethe's stream
Her fainting sense lay drown'd,)
The blood revisits her pale cheeks—
Wildly she looks around—

From Isabel (so was she nam'd,
The dame to whose safe care
Sir Hubert had consign'd the maid,)
She turn'd with sad despair;

But from the friar's gentler mien,
A ray of comfort glow'd;
For in his face she trac'd the lines,
Where pity once had flow'd:

And, while with fix'd impressive looks,
That snow-white arm he bound,
Whose purple veins, with timely skill
His artful hand had found,

She cried, O tell me holy friar,
How has my Raymond sped?
Too sure, (alas my boding heart!)
Thy looks declare him dead.

Turn not away—nor strive to check
With f e ings not thy own
That rising sigh—is he, O speak—
Is he for ever gone?

Why, cruel, did thy lancet then
The hated day restore—
Wou'd its sharp point had reach'd my heart,
And I had breath'd no more;

Or, ere the tyrant Hubert's arm
My gallant lord had slain,
Lifeless, not stunn'd, his raging steed
Had left me on the plain.

Together then our mingling souls
Had sought the realms above—
And 'tis no crime to love in heav'n,
For what is heav'n but love?

O Raymond! Raymond! that one fate
Had rul'd our equal breath!—
'Twere only life to live with thee,
To live without thee death!

But is he dead? O speak, if love
Hath ever touch'd thy breast;
Or heav'n-descended charity
Thy soothing voice confest:

If that thy infant years, have known
A parent's tender care;
If that the wretched, and the poor,
Thy generous sorrow share,

O speak—alas! hide not thy face!
Why trickling o'er thy cheek
Rolls the big tear, suppress in vain—
Art thou forbid to speak?

Say gentle friar—for pity say,
What means this silent gloom?
What walls are these? does Raymond live?—
The friar left the room.—

The linnet taken in the snare,
Imploring looks to find,
If yet some ray of sympathy,
Have touch'd the fowler's mind.

Thus Eth'lind look'd on Isabel;
But pity's gentle grace,
That touch of tender sympathy,
She sought in vain to trace—

'Take comfort lady, (she replied,
But not in pity's tone;)
These stately tow'rs, love but their lord,
Will shortly be thy own.

Think lady, homage, wealth, and pow'r,
Await thy envied reign:
What wou'dst thou more, what cannot pow'r,
What cannot gold obtain?'—

'Tis not, (howe'er the Sybil rave,)
By outward marks alone;
By lineaments of hand, or face,
The latent heart is known:

'Tis not alone the gentle look,
Or eyes that widely roll;
Or accents sweet, or harsh, that give
The color of the soul.

There are, e'en in whose atmosphere,
The shrinking nerves retire,
As sensitive of pain, and feel
Condens'd their friendly fire:

Such Isabel to Eth'lind was,
Whom thus, howe'er represt,
(So anxious were her fears) the maid
With graceful speech addrest.

Oh tell me stranger—thou wilt tell,
For surely, thou hast known
A lover's worth, and priz'd his good,
Still dearer than thy own—

Perhaps e'en now some much-lov'd friend,
Declining life endears;
Who shar'd in youth—who now may share
Thy pleasures and thy cares.

Like souls attracted still to like,
Through all creation move;
And where's the heart that hath not felt
The gentle pow'r of love?

Say then, if that thy breast divines
An anxious lover's pain,
How has my valiant Raymond sped—
Nay—tell me not he's slain—

Nor do not leave me hopeless thus,
For pity—I implore—
She sued in vain, for Isabel
Had op'd the chamber door,

Whence, muttering, as she held the keys,
At Ethelind she threw
A fiend-like glance; and from the tow'r
Malignantly withdrew.—

Now evening o'er the purple skies,
His fading glory spread;
And crown'd the castle's silent tow'rs,
With beams of fiery red.

When Hubert, solemn as the scene,
Fair Eth'lind's chamber sought;
Respectful then, unarm'd he stood,
And thus exprest his thought:

Thou need'st not wonder at my hopes:
Thou know'st how long I've sigh'd,
Stifling my love, but love like mine
Disdains to be deny'd.

I was not born to serve a length
Of tedious, ling'ring years;
Patient to strew thy path with flow'rs,
Or sprinkle with my tears;

Cameleon like, still to reflect
Thy temper's changing dyes,
And live on air because 'twas fill'd
With thy ambrosial sighs;

The minion of those feline wiles
And that capricious pow'r,
Which now its victim fills with hopes,
Now threatens to devour.

Such is the fickle tyranny
Of female arts, who will
May bow obsequious to the yoke,
And be obedient still;

But liberal souls those bounds o'erleap:
Look at the forest race,
The lion there, his frowning love,
Compels to his embrace:

Not long the spotted leopard sighs,
Nor loaths his food and rest;
Deep in her cave he finds his mate,
And forces to be blest—

Nay frown not that my passion thus
Disdains inferior laws;
Nor think, indignant fair, the crime
Is greater than the cause;

Resistless love, whom all obey,
Yields to no temp'rate gust;
Love holds the rudder of the soul,
And where we must, we must!

He said: To whom fair Ethelind
Disdainful thus replies,
(The frown of virtue half obscur'd
The lustre of her eyes)

Task not thyself by arguments
To mitigate the wrong;
Relentless is thy tyrant heart;
Deceitful is thy tongue.

Nor love's celestial name prophane—
Love shuns thy gloomy soul;
Not where contending tempests rage,
And threat'ning thunders roll,

Is seen the genial source of light,
The sun's majestic blaze;
Or seen, the crimson orb but shews
His fire without his rays—

Love—thou'rt a stranger to his pow'r!
To savage wilds afar,
Without the pale of gentler life,
Thy savage passion bear.

For lions seek not in the fold,
To find their harmless loves;
Pards mate with pards, and wolves with wolves
And doves are pair'd with doves.

If ever I abhorr'd thy vows,
And trembled at thy name,
Shall I now listen to thy love?
Hast thou a better claim

Because a wretched father mourns
My cruel destiny;
Far from his arms, imprison'd here
To languish and to die;

Or, tyrant! that thy savage soul,
My piercing cries withstood;
Or that thy crimson sword yet reeks
With my lov'd Raymond's blood?

For which of these may gratitude
My thankless bosom move?
For which shall glory crown thy life
Or Ethelind thy love?—

Thus as she spoke, in either eye
Grief hung a trembling tear;
Which scorn represt—The conscious sorrow
Stood suspended there.——

To her, returning scorn with scorn,
The black-brow'd Hubert said;
Thou hast forgot, he can command,
Who sues thee to his bed:

Shou'dst thou not rather thank me, that
I offer pow'r and love;
For what may move a woman's heart,
If these shall fail to move!

But, if thou wilt not——Tyrant cease!
(She said abrupt) sooner
The spiny thorn, or thistle shall
The purple cluster bear;

Sooner on distant Thule's plains,
White with eternal snow,
Shall saffron flow'rs inflame the fields,
Or deadly poppies grow:

Condens'd to rain, the ambient air
Shall pour a deluge round;
And inundating whelm thy tow'rs,
To oceans vast profound,

Ere I—but shall my sacred vows
To Raymond be forgot?
Or while his image fills my breast,
Can Hubert claim a thought—

Heav'n (Hubert back return'd) that heard
Thy fervent vows, may crown—
The present moments shall be mine,
The future all thy own.

Not 'till high o'er the eagle's nest,
The whelming sea shall drive;
Till lions mate with harmless lambs,
And doves with vultures live;

Till with the wind, like waving trees,
My rocking turrets move;
Nor, till they fall in ruins round,
Will I forego my love.

Nay, sooner on thy bridal bed,
Wrapt in his winding sheet,
All pale, and stain'd with trickling gore,
Thy Raymond's ghost I'll meet.

But yet, I will forbear awhile
To urge the nuptial hour;
Bethink thee Ethelind in time,
Or—tremble at my pow'r!

Oh Hubert! Hubert! (on her knees
Imploring Eth'lind cries,
And caught his robe, while plenteous tears
Ran silv'ry from her eyes;)

Alas, for thee no lover bleeds,
No aged father mourns,
Yet, do not drive to sad despair,
The wretch thy pity scorns—

If haply thou had'st seen the lamb
Beneath th' uplifted knife,
And felt the tender joy he feels
Who saves his harmless life,

And bleating to his dam conveys,
Who all the day had fill'd
The vallies with her plaintive moan,
And loath'd the flow'ry field—

Or if, with all a parent's love,
Thou hadst a captive been,
And from the grated prison's height
Thy dearest offspring seen

With arms yet vainly stretch'd to thee
Borne o'er the wat'ry main
For ever from thy aching heart—
I had not sued in vain.

For knighthood's sake, and for thy own,
Oh, yet thy victim spare;
Think on a wretched father's woe,
And hear thy suppliant's pray'r.

See! o'er his rev'rend cheeks distill
Grief's unavailing tears—
Hear the deep sighs that rend his heart,
He tears his silver hairs!

He wrings his hands in agony!
My child, my child he says;
Where is she now, the hope, the staff
Of my declining days—

Hah! Hubert—or my hopes deceive,
Or sorrow's filial sighs
Conflict thy breast—the gath'ring tears
Seem glist'ning on thine eyes—

There does! there does! the glist'ning tear,
The struggling sigh, reveals
A father's dear remember'd love
Thy bleeding bosom fills—

Sorc'ress forbear!—Sir Hubert cried,
Thou tramplest on my soul,
(His burning eyes drank up their tears
And fierce in anger roll)

Name not again a father's grief,
(My life's unceasing smart)
Thy careless foot has prest a snake
Which stings me to the heart.

Thy useless tears, nor heav'n nor hell
That stedfast heart can move—
Or love (stern as he went he cried)
Captivity or love!

SIR HUBERT.

PART IV.

.... sequor quocumque vocâris
Seu tu vir seu numen .....

CLAUD.

SIR HUBERT.

O, happy who in these blest times
Revive the golden age!
Whom no oppressive arm compels,
No endless feuds engage:

No tyrants insolent with pow'r,
Disdaining equal laws,
Trample o'er fall'n humanity
And spurn her sacred laws:

No unprotected damsels now
Of lawless man complain,
Nor captive mourn thro' ling'ring years,
A sire, a lover slain.

Now (happy days!) no hold profound,
No dark oblivious den
Immures the wretch from light, and life,
And busy haunts of men.

Not that e'er fell despotic pow'r
The freeborn soul confin'd—
Where dwells that subtile vulcan who
Can subjugate the mind?

Tho' darkling in eternal gloom,
Tho' ignominious chains
Press heavy on the limbs, the soul
Unfetter'd still remains.

But O, to pine in solitude,
From social life debarr'd;
Save those still more relentless than
The flinty cells they guard,

That, that wounds deep—if when the heart
Sink agoniz'd with pain,
Had but the dungeon ears, it were
Some comfort to complain.—

In that blest land (if such there be)
In regions far remov'd,
Arcadian or Sicilian fields,
Of fav'ring heav'n belov'd.

Where thirst of gain, nor thirst of pow'r,
Nor hate, nor pride intrude,
Where nought disturbs the soul, or but
Love's soft solicitude,

If there a sudden torrent bear
With one destructive sweep,
Friends, lovers, fathers, children, all
O'erwhelming to the deep;

Save only one, on some high hill
Shou'd one alone be left,
And sighing cast his eyes around,
Of friends and hope bereft,

Ah who shall paint that wretch's woe?
How poignant were the smart
When solitude and grief at once
Pray ceaseless on the heart—

Thus Eth'lind felt, and still must feel;
While weeks and months roll on,
Condemn'd in hopeless solitude
To pour her piteous moan.

She like a bird some truant boy
Who fear'd the ferule's pow'r
Seiz'd, for he caught her fearful eye
Bright in the hawthorn bow'r,

And, cruel from her callow nest,
And from a husband's love,
Within a narrow cage restrains
Far from her native grove;

That, frequent as her winking lids
Are clos'd beneath her wing,
In thought regains her vocal woods,
And hails returning spring,

Swelling the choir as liberty
Or love her soul inspires;
And feels not till she wakes her plumes
Beat useless on the wires.

Like her the gentle Ethelind
Starts from delusive sleep,
From fancied bliss she wakes, alas!
But only wakes to weep.

Ah, now no social circle charms;
No sire's approving smile,
Nor looks of love intelligent
The ling'ring day beguile:

No shrubs nor flow'rs at rosy morn,
That deck the bright parterre,
Breathe forth their sympathetic sweets,
And own her tender care.

How chang'd is all—herself how chang'd!
Incessant sorrows flow
O'er her wan cheeks, like silv'ry dews
That fading lilies bow.

Fled is the lustre of those eyes
Within whose radiant sphere,
'Twas bliss to dwell, and light, and life,
And summer all the year;

Whence, seated on his sapphire throne,
Love shot his trembling fires,
Fatal as Jove's, and fill'd the heart
With ever new desires.

Sweet Eth'lind! then around thy steps
Enamour'd zephirs play'd;
Blew to thy form thy flutt'ring robe,
And all that form display'd;

Or wanton, pour'd thy shining hair
Profusely waving, wide
O'er all thy fair ambrosial breast,
Beneath its shade to hide.

Then, that sweet source of playful smiles
Still fashion'd to thy thought,
Shew'd like the autumn's blushing fruit
With dewy nectar fraught;

Or like—but what of earthly things
Shall with those smiles compare—
Such to the eyes of dying saints
The smiles of cherubs are.

Time stole along.——One day it chanc'd,
(She on the ramparts stood
With Isabel her hateful guard)
Again the friar she view'd:

Below, upon the yellow sands,
He trod with measur'd pace;
One hand was folded 'cross his breast,
And one half hid his face.

Mysterious glanc'd his cautious eyes,
Yet in his looks, full well
She read that sorrow for her fate
He had not pow'r to tell.

She wou'd have spoke, which when he saw
His eyes in anger shone;
And ere her fault'ring speech began,
The silent friar was gone.

And now in sad captivity,
Three dreary months were fled,
When Hubert fix'd the hated day.
With Ethelind to wed.

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One morning at the early dawn,
(So she was wont to do)
From the high window of her tow'r,
She cast a hopeless view:

Despair had touch'd her icy heart—
From Hubert's love to death,
This way I can escape she said,
And sighing look'd beneath,

When, on the wave-surrounded rocks
She saw an archer stand;
A quiver at his back he bore,
A eugh-bow in his hand.

He seem'd (tho' 'twas so far below
'Twere doubtful to the eye)
Around an arrow's slender shaft
A written scroll to tie.

And now he gently wav'd his hand,
Fair Ethelind withdrew;
When thro' the window, swift as thought
The faithful arrow flew.

She read—' despair not, trust the friar,
Be confident in me,
And ere the moon hath ris'n to night,
The captive shall be free.'

She ponders now of stratagems,
And words too soon believ'd,
But truth was in the friar's face—
She cou'd not be deceiv'd.

Yet—faithful to the tyrant's will
Thro' malice or reward,
How cou'd he Isabel elude,
Her ever watchful guard?—

Thus she revolv'd, while hope and fear
By turns her soul possest.
Meantime, at once desire, and hate,
Inspire Sir Hubert's breast—

Since liberty, nor wealth, he said,
Nor courteous arts can move,
No longer be my pow'r withheld;
This night shall crown my love.

Who shall oppose—what daring arm
My purpos'd love impede?
My sacred oath—my pious hate
Shall sanctify the deed—

Sink thou bright sun to ocean's caves,
I sicken at thy sight—
Sink deep, and quench thy flaming orb,
And make eternal night!

For, I will riot in revenge!
What else remains? Thy fate,
Raymond, defrauds my promis'd joy
And half disarms my hate.

E'en now, tho' as my dreams portend,
(Believ'd by fools) his shade
Shou'd cross my way all gash'd with wounds,
To stop the frustrate deed,

I'll on. Come shrouding night, and stretch
O'er all the firmament
Thy raven wings, and hide from heav'n
My fix'd, my fell intent!

Night came—and with her raven wings
Made dark the shrouding sky;
But what can hide the darker deed
From heav'ns pervading eye?

Night came, congenial to his soul;
He hail'd the silent hour,
And by the taper's guilty light,
He sought Eth'linda's tow'r.—

(Thus, from his rocky den, the pard
Roams o'er the sandy waste,
Lur'd by the scent of far-off prey
That fills the midnight blast.

The bearded witch with curst resolve
From Lapland thro' the skies
Sails windward thus, and listens still
The infant's distant cries,

Till, when her fleshless griping hands
It's tender throat surround,
She sucks its struggling soul away
To work her spell profound!)

Now where are those protecting pow'rs
Whose spreading wings o'ershade
The bed of slumb'ring innocence,
And guard the spotless maid?

For on relentless Hubert goes—
(Ye absent pow'rs deplore)
His steps resound along the hall—
He gains the western tow'r—

The bars of steel, the massy bolts,
His forceful hands obey,
And deep within the rattling wards
Revolves the pond'rous key—

He mounts the stairs! the chamber door
Of Eth'lind open flies—.
Already in his thought he hears
The sleeping virgin's sighs;

Awhile he stops—(his hurried soul
Demands a transient pause)
And now—with sacrilegious hands
The hallow'd curtain draws—

Furies and hell! (he starting said,
His limbs with terror shook,)
What shape art thou, that the black night
Mak'st tremble at thy look?

Hence phantom to thy grave, for thou
Dost blast my aching sight
With thy terrific form! hence—hence—
And let concealing night

For ever shroud thy wither'd bones
In her sepulchral gloom!
What fiend thy grisly limbs has dragg'd
Corrupting from the tomb?

Or has some interposing pow'r
Thus to my senses spread
This haggard squalid imag'ry
This 'semblance of the dead—

She breathes not!—fatal to my hopes!
Destruction hang her curse
On those, who to my erring sight
Have stretch'd thy lifeless corse!

Awake there! witchcraft—treachery!
I am betray'd or charm'd—
Call here the holy friar, and let
My vassals all be arm'd—

Bid instant from the high watch-tow'r
The clanging larum sound;
Arm, arm with speed my trusty 'squires,
And search the country round;

Urge your fleet coursers far and wide,
Fair Ethelind is fled,
And Isabel my faithful guard
Lies poison'd in her bed!

Thus Hubert rag'd—unconscious that,
Distill'd from potent flow'rs,
The friar had given to Isabel
A drink, whose wond'rous pow'rs

As if 'twere flown suspended life;
And plac'd on Eth'lind's bed,
The watchful dragon of the tree,
While with the fruit he fled.—

From her he learn'd (so artfully
The anchorite had wrought)
The secret, subterranean way,
That led beneath the moat.

Eth'lind confiding in his care,
The trembling maid he led
Thro' mould'ring vaults, and rooms that seem'd
The mansions of the dead—

With what unceasing peril here
The doors the friar unbarr'd,
(The double doors of plated iron
Which on harsh hinges jarr'd;)

What hair breadth 'scapes they had, and what
Terrific sights they saw,
Thou gentle reader, if thou can'st,
May'st in thy fancy draw.

Let then thy fancy wildly roam
O'er terror's gloomy waste,
Start at the echo of thy feet,
And shudder at the blast.

Enough of this—my weary muse
Flies from the dread abode;
Whether with weary wing indeed
(For muses sometimes nod)

Or whether more ambitious grown,
She meditates a flight
Beyond the fairy-peopled sphere,
To scenes of new delight,

Where she may tune her changing lyre
To passion's various tone,
And leave to droning monks recluse
The stories all their own,

Seek not to know—enough if when
The golden morning rise,
She bring new pleasures to thy thought,
New pictures to thy eyes:

'Tis but allow'd to shew thee now
Obscurely thro' the damp,
The friar and gentle Ethelind
Lit by a feeble lamp.

Thro' many a narrow gloomy pass
He leads her by the hand;
And now they reach a sea-worn cave
Which fac'd the billowy strand.

There clamb'ring slow, with fault'ring feet,
Where crags on crags were pil'd,
Anon among the rocks they view
A form grotesque and wild,

The which (it was the friar's friend)
A pye-bald courser bore:
She mounts behind, and light as air
They bound along the shore.—

In silence and in dread they rode,
Amid the gloom of night,
And reach'd a deep embow'ring wood
Before the morning's light.

Thro' this descending to a dale,
All rude with rock and briar,
A little hermitage was seen,
The cavern of the friar—

Before its friendly roof they light,
No hostile sound alarms,
His vizor falls—fair Eth'lind shrieks,
And sinks in——Raymond's arms!

END OF PART IV.

SIR HUBERT.

PART V.

Non isthîc aurata domus, luxuque fluentes
Sunt epulæ, spondâ vĕ sopor pretiosus eburnâ,
. . . . . .
Sed nemora, et nudæ rupes . . . . .
. . . . . .
Hîc semper niveo veri de pectore risus.
Ipsa suæ meminit stirpis, sese que Deisque
Mens fruitur felix, et novit in astra reverti.

BARCLAII ARGENIS. Lib. V,

SIR HUBERT.

'STRANGER, the world's unhallow'd dust
Shake from thy guilty feet,
Or tread not impotent of bliss
Contentment's calm retreat.

If thou hast chac'd ambition, pow'r,
And av'rice from thy heart;
And uncomplaining pride, and hate,
And envy's secret smart;

If haply by experience taught
Thou fliest all worldly cares,
And, scorning life's delusive charms
And pleasure's fatal snares,

Hast found that oft tho' friendship's smiles
The specious form array,
Deceit sits in the hollow heart
Insidious to betray:

Tho' nectar on love's chalice float,
'Tis bitterness beneath;
Coil'd treacherous there the aspic lurks,
And darts his tongue of death.—

Such hast thou found?—for ever then
Those idols be forgot:
Leave to the madding world its joys,
They are below thy thought.

Rather, in heav'nly musing here,
Contemplative, above
This sublunary sphere, let thy
Imagination rove

Wide o'er the vast expanse of worlds
Innumerable; abodes
Of form etherialized to thought—
Of men sublim'd to gods!

What more exalts?—th' unfetter'd soul
Abstracted and refin'd:
Soon, in its native heav'n forgets
The clay it left behind.

For joys like these thou wilt not scorn,
(Clad in a simple stole
Remote in wild sequester'd shades)
The scrip and beechen bowl.

Lo! golden grain, and grateful herb,
Indulgent nature grants;
Enough, without incessant toil,
To satisfy thy wants.

These, and the sweets of fragrant flow'rs
(O'er all the valley strew'd)
If 'twere no crime to rob the bee,
Shall yield thee balmy food,

Beneath the shade of spreading oaks
Which wave o'er yonder hill,
Down to the peaceful valley flows
A fountain's babbling rill;

Beside its pebbly channel thou
May'st quaff the healthful stream,
Or, slumb'ring there in summer's heat,
Invoke the blissful dream.

Or shou'd the rural muse inspire,
PAN, and the sylvan throng
Of dryades, and wild-wood nymphs,
Shall listen to thy song:

Or, careless of his vagrant flock,
The shepherd swain look round,
High from the craggy mountain's top,
To catch the aërial sound:

Or, the soft virgin innocent
Of heart, shall leave her kine,
And stop delighted in her song,
Attentive but to thine.

There careless blow thy mellow reed,
No envious churl shall steal
List'ning unseen behind, to scoff
The verse he cannot feel.

Come then, if these delights may charm,
O'er all the valley rove—
Not unprotected while I reign
The genius of the grove.'

These—on a white and shelving rock
O'er which the woodbine wav'd,
(Now half obliterate with moss)
Were near the wicket 'grav'd.

O'er-hung with roots, and twising boughs,
Impervious to the day,
Deep scoop'd within the hollow rock,
The hermit's mansion lay.

Within 'twas grac'd with ev'ry shell
That bleaches on the shore;
And glitt'ring spar adorn'd the roof,
And rushes strew'd the floor.

Retirement meet for love so blest—
O happy, happy pair!
Ye feel when innocence refines
How sweet love's pleasures are!

Life is at best so short, that he
Who meditates too long,
May end, like thine own snowy swans,
His being with his song.

And life's uncertain too—the sun
Now gilds the western shore
With his declining rays—that sun
May rise for me no more!

Ere death destroy, or stealing age
The muse's pow'r suspend,
Take then, my kind preceptor, guide,
My patron and my friend—

O take these rude unpolish'd rhymes
From graver studies won,
Accepting kindly what I have,
For what I might have done.

It was a story full of woe,
That, in her lonely tow'r,
Beguil'd fair Ethelind to waste
The dark and silent hour.

Ah! such, whose soft congenial hearts
With love's endearments melt,
Need not be told, such best can feel
The bliss these lovers felt.

Conceive (to Raymond Ethelind said)
The anguish of my heart;
In Hubert's pow'r, forc'd from my home—
From all I lov'd to part—

All day the bitter tears of grief
My eyes unceasing steep,
And from my restless dreams, alas!
I rose again to weep.

How oft my busy thought return'd
To scenes of early joy,
(O may no future weight of woe
Their memory destroy!)

To childhood's fond remember'd day,
When ev'ry charm was new,
When hope first fledg'd her infant wings,
And leagu'd with fancy flew;

When to my bosom fondly prest,
Soft nestling like the dove,
I nurs'd a sleeping infant-boy,
But knew not it was love.

With thee I ev'ry scene survey
That charm'd in reason's dawn,
The daisied bank, the glassy brook,
The garden and the lawn,

The glitt'ring dew, the breathing flow'r,
The fly with spangles fraught—
Whate'er first struck the curious sense,
And wak'd the infant thought.

Now sitting in the jasmine bow'r,
(As we were wont to do)
The wond'rous never-ending tale
Unwearied we pursue:

Enchanted forests, dames, and knights,
And tournaments, and wars;
And wizards fell, on winged steeds,
That fled amongst the stars.

Sometimes with thee I mourn thy loss,
Thy orphan fate deplore;
And on my father's fost'ring care,
A thousand blessings pour.

I hear thee chide the ling'ring time,
That creeps so slowly on;
And wish, with love of glory fir'd,
Inactive youth were gone.

And now I see with conscious joy,
Thy graceful manly charms,
When rising first a youthful knight
Thou shon'st in burnish'd arms;

Thy hauberk, coat of flexile steel,
Thy golden spurs I see,
Thy sword, thy plumed helm, and all
The shining panoply.

Nor only these (which mem'ry paints)
But scenes and acts unknown,
Glide frequent thro' my fev'rish brain,
As in a mirror shewn.

And chief in dreams—then terror spread
Her visions to my sight:
Oft wou'd I wake from scenes of woe,
Shrieking with wild affright:

Oft Hubert, hateful to my view,
Close to my pillow stood,
And prest me still to wed, his hands
Yet crimson with thy blood.

And sometimes as I turn'd to rest,
Enormous as my fear,
Close to my own, his giant face,
And his wild eyes appear.

Frequent on thee I dreamt—one dream
Oft have I wish'd to tell,
What seem'd its cause tho' long conceal'd,
I need not now conceal—

Sir Raymond ardent on her cheek
A tender kiss imprest,
Whom thus with looks of sweet regard,
Again the maid addrest.

One eve from Hubert's turrets high
I cast a wishful glance,
Where to my fancy Roslin tow'rs
Bounded the grey expanse;

(My cheek reclining on my hand,)
I seem'd again to rove
Thro' those lov'd bow'rs, those happy scenes
Of innocence and love.

There as thou know'st along the wood,
By many a mossy knoll,
Soft tinkling 'neath the pendant boughs
A crystal current stole.

Once, (for thou didst await me there)
O'ercome with sultry heat,
I saw thee wrapt in sleep profound,
Within the cool retreat.

Beside, thy dappled greyhounds lay,
Stretch'd in the moving shade,
For thro' the green and quiv'ring boughs
The wisp'ring zephirs play'd.

Wilt thou forgive me that till now
I've hid the fraudful bliss?
Playful, yet trembling, from thy cheek
I stole a silent kiss.

But ah, when next we met, my eyes,
My fault'ring accents, shew'd
Too plain my guilt, and o'er my cheeks
Love's soft suffusion glow'd—

Yet red on thy repentant lips
(Enraptur'd Raymond cried)
Th' unexpiated crime remains.
The blushing maid replied—

If not from this I know not whence
The mystic dream began,
(Dreams are but echoes of our thoughts)
And thus the story ran.

Methought, o'er flow'r-enamell'd fields
Together as we stray'd,
Where trees and shrubs, unseen till then,
Their velvet buds display'd;

Slow from the earth a temple rose,
So wond'rous huge and high
It seem'd to prop the shining spheres,
And darken all the sky :

Of rocks pil'd high o'er rising rocks
Of adamant 'twas made,
And waving woods, and distant hills,
Were cover'd with its shade.

We enter'd thro' a spacious court,
Where dazzling on the sight,
The fairy architecture rose
Insufferably bright.

Beneath the dome (sapphire and gold)
Devoted millions trod,
Soft mingling with their balmy sighs,
The incense of a god.

The song resounds—the dancers' feet
To Lydian measures move—
And high upon a jasper throne,
Sublime sat mighty Love.

Around whatever poets feign
Of pleasures roseate bowr's,
Arcadian vales and winding streams
Crown'd with immortal flow'rs.

Whate'er the eye of fancy forms
Whate'er her pencil drew,
(Scenes of delight and happy loves)
Was present to the view.

O'er hyacynthine meads we stray
By many a twilight grove,
Thro' whose concealing boughs were heard
The ducet sighs of love.

There zephir's bland empurpled wings
So softly steal along,
And mingle as they waft at once
The perfume and the song,

That the lull'd senses tun'd to bliss,
A pleasing death invite,
Or sweet deliriums seize the soul
That sickens with delight—

Stooping to crop a fragrant shrub—
With horror chill'd I view'd
The palpitating flow'r I crusht,
Distil warm drops of blood.

I heard, or thought I heard a voice—
The gasping umbel heaves,
'Avoid these fatal plains,' it said,
And clos'd its dying leaves.

We fled—nor hyacinthine meads
Delight, nor twilight grove,
Nor balmy gale, nor dulcet sound,
Nor happy lovers move:

Fearful we look'd behind, and saw
The tow'ring structure nod;
Still as we flew it follow'd still,
O'ershadowing where we trod.

Meanwhile, the enchanted scene dissolves,
Dark clouds the sky o'ercast,
And dismal sounds of woe are heard,
O'er all the desart waste—

Again it totters, our slow feet
Drag feebly o'er the ground—
It falls! it rends the groaning earth!
The crashing woods resound!

Save, save me Raymond! I exclaim—
The vision disappears—
My couch still trembling like my heart
My pillow wet with tears.

What strange, what unknown sympathies
(Sir Raymond said) pervade
Those hearts which mutual love inspires:
Of like materials made

E'en tho' a world be interpos'd
Th' etherial fluid glides
Reciprocal from soul to soul,
Nor heav'n itself divides:

Whether (as some have thought) one soul
May different bosoms warm;
Or, that our guardian Sylphides
These offices perform,

And posting on the wings of air,
Pour o'er the thrilling sense,
(How far soe'er remov'd they lie,)
The swift intelligence,

Let others tell—yet this I know,
I feel the touch divine,
Tho' ne'er so soft, quick from thy heart
Reverberate on mine.

Mem'ry still treasures with delight
Those scenes of early youth,
Those mutual dawning of the heart,
Indelible as truth.

Oft in my slumbers too, with thee
I've trod the forest glade,
(Our well-known haunts) oft by the brook
I've stretch'd me in the shade,

List'ning thy step; or seen thee glide
Light thro' the distant grove,
Advancing.—Happy, happy dreams!
Of unsubstantial love!

Yet oft distracted, thro' the wild,
Thy sudden loss I griev'd;
And not unfrequent dreams like thine
My fearful sense deceiv'd—

Once, ('twas when Sirius fiercely rag'd)
Once in a car we rode
Near a green mountain's edge abrupt,
With flow'rs abundant strow'd:

'Twas higher than thy thought can reach,
And all below, the view
Saw not, save when before the wind
The fleecy vapors flew.

Then woods, and yellow plots of corn,
And fallow fields were seen;
And streams like winding snakes led on
Their shining tracks between.

The air was grateful to the sense,
A pleasing languor stole
So gently o'er the listless limbs,
As 'twou'd dissolve the soul.

I sat regardless of my steeds:
Mine eyes were fix'd on thine,
I drank delicious draughts of love,
And seem'd to grow divine.

Now o'er the turf with equal steps
My milk-white coursers run;
Their silver harness loosely hangs,
And glitters in the sun.

Anon as if some fury drove
They scorn my useless pow'r,
Swift as the bolts of heav'n they rush
And all the plain devour.

Their eyes dart fire—they tear the earth,
Still verging to the steep
Where ocean rolls her gulphs below,
Immeasurably deep!

Thou then wert lock'd about my heart,
Abandon'd to thy fear.
Distracting thought—thy shrieks yet sound
Terrific in my ear.

One effort yet to turn their course
With desp'rate strength I try;
My arms tug tight the stretching reins,
And all their power supply.

In vain—silent I sit, and feel
A sad sublime despair;
And now they whirl along the edge,
And seem to hang in air;

Down, down they flounder in the void—
I waking call on thee,
And think I hear the burning wheels
Yet hissing in the sea!—

Fearful! who knows if heav'n
(Thus Eth'lind 'spoke the youth)
By such fictitious phantasies
Reveal not useful truth...?

'Twere sure no wonder—And if ought
My mystic vision prove,
'Twere to restrain, if not to fly,
From soft seductive love:

For thine, 'twere blindness not to see
That passion unreprest,
Or check'd too late, to ruin leads:
'Tis bounteous heav'n's behest.

Dost thou not think, while innocence
Remains, that heav'n presides
Within the heart, (his temple then)
And all our actions guides?

Else had not the mysterious friar,
In that auspicious hour,
Convey'd me to thy arms again,
And far from Hubert's pow'r:

Already Raymond thou hast heard
The perils I sustain'd,
And how that heav'n-directed sage
My liberty regain'd.

Raymond replied, 'twas surely heav'n
Thy soul with virtue swell'd,
Which, blending dignity with scorn,
Imperious vice repell'd:

'Twas heav'n inspir'd the friar's heart,
Whose secret springs confest
Compassion for thy cruel wrongs,
Whose courage too redrest.

But come my Eth'lind, our meal,
Tho' frugal, bids renew
His empty scrip ere yet the sun
Exhale the glitt'ring dew,

And suck the wholesome spirit from
The sav'ry herb; come on—
I'll lead thee up the mountain's side,
And from his airy crown

I'll shew thee all the fertile vale;
Then when the noon-beam glows
Bright on thy cheek, beneath an oak
That throws his antique boughs

Across the shallow wave, and thinks
The silver nymph to move,
Who mocks his awkward grace,
And ever flies his love,

I will recount, waiting the friar's
Return, what thou didst ask;
To tell my sorrows e'en, to thee,
Were no unpleasing task.

Go happy lovers! go where'er
The rural scene invites;
Drink deep, while yet ye may, of love,
And love's serene delights:

Inspiring tranquil joy, and peace,
Here breathe the balmy air;
Far from the crouded city's hum,
Its turbulence and care.

No vapors here, exhal'd from tears,
And fill'd with mis'ry's sighs,
Respir'd again, and yet again,
Hang heavy in the skies;

Engender'd there, infectious fiends,
The harpy passions spread,
And cling tenacious round the heart,
And ev'ry sense invade.

Hence cares—which, as tumultuous crouds
The bustling streets o'erflow,
Indenting wrinkles deep, are seen
On ev'ry anxious brow.

The regal dome, whose tow'rs divide
The sailing clouds, the bar,
The fane, the school contending still,
Are ever vext with care.

Not Love escapes, around they hiss,
They dart their quiv'ring stings,
Above, below, enrag'd pursue
And tear his feeble wings.

But here, or thro' th' entangled woods
Which all the dale surround,
Sprinkled with golden flow'rs, and with
Luxuriant herbage crown'd;

Or where sweet tufts of violets
Their fragrant breath effuse,
Wander ye happy lovers free:
My fancy still pursues

Where'er ye go.—Now the light breeze
A wisp'ring murmur made,
Direct the scorching noon-beam glow'd;
The lovers sought the shade;

The Naiad fled with silver feet
Beneath the moss-grown oak;
Fair Eth'lind prest the humid flow'rs,
And thus Sir Raymond spoke:

Yes—'twas the friar, that unknown friend,
When bleeding on the plain,
When thou wert ravish'd from my arms,
And Hubert deem'd me slain,

When, but for thoughts of heav'n and thee,
My soul had sunk in night;
The dark'ning world and all its joys
Fast fading on my sight;

No friend to close my dying eyes,
Or kind relief impart,
When the last drop of purple life
Hung trembling at my heart,

He saw—he staunch'd my gasping wounds,
And in the thickets shade,
Conceal'd me till the coming night,
And to his cell convey'd.

Then, o'er these batter'd arms entrench'd
With Hubert's griding sword;
(So furious was the force I felt,)
A crimson deluge pour'd.

Skill'd in each virtuous herb that grows,
He cull'd the vallies o'er;
And much his healing art avail'd,
His kind attention more.

He prest, he pray'd, his look, his voice,
His ev'ry action strove
To mitigate the pangs I felt,
And soothe my bleeding love.

Without, my wounds obey'd his skill,
Within, they scorn'd controul—
Alas, what herb can reach the wound
Deep fest'ring in the soul!

There, rage defeated, hopeless love,
And grief, by turns confound,
And with their tyrant sceptres rule,
And spread destruction round.

Reason affrighted from her throne
Fled hastily—from far
She trembling saw the wide misrule,
And the conflicting war.

By slow degrees, as strength return'd
He led me from his cell;
And, ever, as we wander'd round,
His soothing precepts fell:

Yet oft, when duty call'd him hence,
As rivers break their mounds,
Impetuous passions burst away,
Resistless, o'er their bounds,

He came as one who seeks to reap
The harvest of his toil,
And sees from far fierce whirlwinds sweep
The desolated soil.

Now wou'd I wildly rave on thee,
Nor his commanding eye,
Nor his rebuke, nor force restrains;
O'er hill and dale I fly,

And follow still thy airy form
Which, ever as I clasp
Or seem to clasp with stretch'd-out arms,
Mocks my deluded grasp.

Now cradled in yon nodding pine
That fearful from the rock
Hangs o'er the foaming waves,
I brave the tempest's shock;

Or o'er the mountain's shatter'd edge,
By furious rage impell'd,
I rush, and call on Hubert's name,
And dare him to the field,

And, as around blue lightnings fierce
Their crooked arrows dart,
I bare, and curse that feeble arm
Which could not reach his heart.—

Whether it were despair indeed,
Or, that my dizzy brain
Yet trembled from the fatal blow
Which fell'd me to the plain,

I know not; but my soul sure felt
Each change of maniac woe;
Yet not at times devoid of bliss
Wou'd my wild fancies flow,

Since thou wert present to my thoughts:
Oft, by the wizard's pow'r,
Thou wav'dst within a graceful pine,
Or breath'dst from some fair flow'r:

Oft wou'd I guard the rose that shook
Its perfumes to the wind,
And swear my sweeter Ethelind
Its silken buds enshrin'd;

Then I wou'd drink its silv'ry dews,
(Thy tears) and to my breast
With tender care, thy fragrant mouth,
Thy leafy lips were prest.

Sometimes, the friar wou'd find me fixt,
As one from marble hewn;
Pale, cold, regardless, woe-begone,
And poring on the moon—

(Perhaps, I thought, my love e'en now
Leans pensive from her tow'r,
Complaining to that virgin orb
Of fortune's fickle pow'r—)

Then sudden rushing from his view,
I seek the deepest shade,
And melancholy, cypress boughs
About my temples braid:

And now I hear thy passing-bell!
With tender grief o'ercome
I gather all the sweetest flow'rs,
To scatter round thy tomb.—

The minstrel knows with varied hand
O'er warbling wires to rove:
To fire with rage, to chill with fear,
Or melt the mind to love;

Thus o'er the fibres of my heart,
The hermit's influence stole,
Thus cou'd he modulate at will,
And thrill along the soul.

In tranquil moods he lur'd my steps
Where cheerful scenes were found;
(For like th' unruffled lake, the mind
Reflects each object round.)

Whate'er in nature's walks we saw
Of beauteous, or sublime,
Still as we pass'd became his theme,
And wing'd the loitering time.

Slow wand'ring thro' the beechen woods,
Or o'er the cultur'd plain,
So deeply read in Sylvan lore,
He seem'd a rural swain;

But when the stormy night arose,
Beside the faggot's blaze
When he wou'd talk of times remote,
And deeds of other days.

When clanging arms, and camps, and steeds,
And martial feats inspire,
He seems a thunder-bolt of war,
And all his soul's on fire!—

Once, vanquish'd by thy matchless skill,
With wond'ring rapture mute,
Upon a neighb'ring alder's bough
I hung my silent lute:

Save thy sweet voice and tuneful frame,
'Twas silence all around,
Anon, I heard my lute, untouch'd,
Responsive to the sound.

Thus, as I caught th' heroic flame,
Quick flashing from his eye,
Like him I arm, I rage, I dare,
I conquer, or I die!

Yet wou'd he blame th' ambitious source
Whence murd'rous war began,
And curse that cruel policy
Which man oppos'd to man.

The passions and their various shades
He trac'd with nicest skill,
And talk'd, as one in cities bred,
Of social good and ill.

He taught (if precept e'er cou'd teach)
To thrid life's thorny maze,
Nobly to bear the present ill,
And look for better days;

That mad applause, and thirst of fame,
Had led to deeds divine;
But virtue never shone so bright
As when not seen to shine:

Thus, wou'd he say, the wild thyme blows
Neglected on the heath,
And all unknowing and unknown
Exhales its balmy breath.—

But ah my Eth'lind! what avails
The tongue's persuasive art,
When grief, the canker-worm of life,
Yet riots on the heart?

No—life is but a cumbrous load
When ev'ry charm is gone—
Say what has envied life to boast
When love and hope are flown?

Perhaps, I sometimes said, e'en now
My Eth'lind's hopes are fled,
She braves the tyrant's power, alas!
But mourns a lover dead.

Perhaps (that thought wou'd tear my soul,)
E'en now, my promis'd wife
A sacrifice at honor's shrine,
Disdains polluted life—

Be calm my son, the hermit said,
(When late I frantic rose,
Stung with despair, and sought to end
My being with my woes;)

Are such the fruits of duteous love
My services require?—
Wilt thou for ever nurse despair,
And fan her raging fire?

Is it not nobler far to live,
While honor holds, than die?
Take courage, struggle with thy fate,
And bear thy misery.

I might have bade thee hope ere now,
But 'thad encreas'd thy woe;
Now, heav'n has heard my vows, and I
At length may speak—Then know

Thy Eth'lind lives, and lives for thee!
Soon from her prison-tow'r
(Succeed my stratagem) she flies,
And from the tyrant's pow'r—

I wept, I kiss'd the friar's knees,
I blest him in my prayer:
My wither'd heart revives, I said,
I breathe the vital air—

Swift bear me to her faithful arms
Let my impatience prove
How much—Rather, the sage replied,
Let prudence mark thy love—

O Eth'lind! thou conceiv'st the joy
That all my soul possest—
I came, I saw, I sav'd!—he cried
And clasp'd her to his breast.

END OF PART V.

SIR HUBERT.

PART VI.

——Non est virtus, ut putas,
Timere vitam: Sed malis ingentibus
Obstare, nec se vertere, ac retrò dare.

SENEC.

SIR HUBERT.

SWEET warbler of the twilight grove,
Around this hallow'd cell
Tune thy soft note.—Ere silent yet
Thou bid the world farewell;

O quit awhile the wither'd spray
That tops thy dewy bow'r,
Yet nearer o'er my ravish'd ear
Thy soft complainings pour:

Revive the scenes of infant years
Fast fleeting from my mind,
Ere care shall rust their mem'ry o'er,
And leave no trace behind.—

How oft, when all the fields were white,
And dark the winter sky,
Close at the window of my tow'r
I've caught thy prying eye;

And, gateful for the melting lay
Thou pour'dst so soft and sweet,
Have scatter'd crumbs upon the snow
Imprinted with thy feet,

To tempt thee, half-suspecting yet,
To flutter round my door,
And lure thee by degrees to tread
My hospitable floor.

'Twas sweet when I awoke at morn,
To hear thy vernal lay;
To see thee cross the gurgling brook,
Or crown the blossom'd spray;

Now, with the morning's golden beams
Thy ruddy bosom glows,
And now I trace thee veil'd in shades
Among the mazy boughs.

I lov'd thy song at ev'ning hour;
When silence lull'd the soul,
And darkness o'er the weary world
With solemn murmur stole;

When thro' the copse some purple rays
Yet glimmer'd on the sight,
Thy thrilling note, awhile, wou'd charm
The slow-retiring light.

Yes these were sweet! but sweeter far
When for thy pious care
I blest thy lab'ring wings, when o'er
That helpless infant pair,

Thou strew'dst the fading leaves, singing
Their plantive elegies;
Then, the first tears that pity shed
Ran grateful from my eyes!

O sacred bird! when this brief act
Of busy life has ceas'd,
And ev'ry thought, and ev'ry care
Shall with my ashes rest;

If haply round my silent tomb
The ivy fondly bind,
Or, sprinkling tears, the cypress shade
Wave mournful with the wind;

Do thou thy little mansion build
Within their shelt'ring boughs,
And pour thy early matins there,
And pay thy ev'ning vows;

So shall no hand prophane root up
The vi'lets fragrant bloom,
Nor even envy then shall tear
The chaplet from my tomb.—

Thus Eth'lind sung; for that sweet bird
Sat on a dewy spray,
And pour'd to ev'ning's parting beam
His melancholy lay.

'Twas autumn, and that soothing power
Her fading charms infuse,
That sadly-pleasing sense of woe,
Delightful to the muse,

Stole thro' her gentle breast. The woods,
Rich with harmonious dyes
Of brown, and gold, the azure hills,
And the still-changing skies,

Have pow'rs beyond the vulgar thought
The charmed sense to bind;
To lull in soft oblivious joy,
And tranquillize the mind.

And now the sun's declining beams
A fainter radiance spread,
And from the high surrounding hills
Had cast a lengthen'd shade;

When, rising from the frugal meal
Which roots and herbs bestow,
To meet the long-expected friar
The happy lovers go.

Slow saun'tring thro' its mossy path
They pierce the woodland shade,
While silv'ry dews fall on the leaves,
That rustle as they tread.

The friar returns not, Raymond calls—
No friendly voice replies—
'Tis silence all, save the soft breeze
That whispers as it flies:

He climbs the hill, again he calls—
No distant sound is heard,
But the hoarse torrent from the rock,
And evening solemn bird.

And now the moon's refulgent orb
Had cast her glitt'ring sheen
Wide o'er the murm'ring waves and woods
And silver'd all the scene:

Back to the hermit's safe retreat
Their weary feet they turn,
And by the faggots cheerful blaze
Await th' approaching morn.—

O love! refining sacred love,
Best gift the gods impart,
By thee subdu'd each grosser thought
Flies blushing from the heart.

Unlike that tyrant (love misnam'd)
Who, nurs'd in Paphian bow'rs,
Shoots thence his stygian-temper'd darts,
Wreath'd with empoison'd flowers;

Who while his transient sway endures,
Doth with his magic rod,
Like Circe, change the groveling herd
Obedient to his nod:

Drive hence, to their unhallow'd haunts,
The low gregarious train,
Whose hearts unform'd for purer fires,
Are strangers to thy reign!

Drive hence! 'ere with their breath impure
They taint thy spotless name,
And, what they not conceive, nor dare
To emulate—defame.—

Near to the cell a chapel stood,
With sacred emblems fraught,
To lift on rapture's soaring wings
The heaven-directed thought;

A simple structure : To the dome
Four gothic arches rise ;
The window stain'd with storied glass,
A solemn light supplies.

Here when the dewy morn led on
Thro' heav'n the blushing day,
The lovers, bending at the shrine,
Their early homage pay—

Heaven sanctify your fervent vows
And be his will obey'd !
A voice re-echoing to the roof
In pious accents said.

They rise in haste—when at the door
Behold, the friar stands :—
With tears of eager gratitude
They bathe his aged hands.

But now, he said, from Roslin tow'rs
My weary feet return'd ;
Your loss the good Sir Rowland there,
With bitter anguish mourn'd ;

Again repeated and again,
He bade me still relate,
Yet scarce at last his ears believe
The story of your fate.

Do not deceive my grief, he said,
That were a thankless part;
Shall I behold my child again,
And press her to my heart?

Again, ere yet my aged steps
Shall to the grave descend;
And Raymond too, that gallant youth?
Thou kind unheard of friend.—

Yet— dreading Hubert's tyrant rage,
(Thus I advis'd) to night
He sends a band of yeoman, arm'd,
To guard your secret flight.

Meanwhile, already he prepares
The nuptial festival,
And busy feet are heard to tread
The decorated hall;

The pond'rous vessels shine in rows,
The unctious pine descends:
And far around its crackling fires,
The festal board extends:

The vassal train contend who first
Shall do the bidder's will;
E'en corner'd age stirs at the news,
And seems to bustle still.

No face but wears a smile of joy,
No tongue but teems with pray'rs,
Raymond and Ethelind they cry,
And fruitful length of years—

But Rodrick chief—a thousand times
He blest the fated day,
When wilder'd thro' the lonely wood
He trac'd the taper's ray;

And while the circling flaggon foams,
Inspiring social mirth,
And while his eager auditors
Croud round the glowing hearth,

Again the good old man recounts,
Nor need he now disown,
That full six months his wife conceal'd,
And lov'd thee as his own;

Till widow'd, to Sir Rowland, he
Thy future care consign'd,
And all a childless father's hopes,
Reluctantly resign'd:

But most he dwells on that fam'd deed—
Heav'n nerv'd my arm, he cried,
When in the abbey's ruin'd walls,
Th' assassin I espied,

And saw him bare with ruthless hand
The kneeling infant's throat,
Then was my rage with fury wing'd,
And all my fear forgot;

Thus—thus I rusht old Rodrick cries,
And sav'd the infant's breath.
And he whose arm was rais'd to give,
Receiv'd, a sudden death.

The hermit ceas'd—My father lives!
The fair Eth'linda cries,
While tears of mingled hope and joy
Flow from her lifted eyes;

But how shall I repay, she said,
Thy kind, thy gen'rous cares?
Accept, 'tis all I have to give,
My blessings, and my pray'rs.—

Daughter, such thanks, the hermit said,
Shou'd never be repress:
Still sweet to those who blessing others,
In themselves are blest:

To spurn that off'ring of the heart
By gratitude o'erflow'd,
Is proudly to oppress the soul
Beneath its cumbrous load:

But whether sprung from social love,
Or sprung from selfish pride;
He who has done a gen'rous act
Needs no reward beside:

Who does, expecting *base* reward,
Hath none, the *pure*, nor gold,
Nor all the pow'r of kings can give,
Nor heav'n itself withhold.

Thus as they walk the friar's lore
Delights the lover's ears:
Yet something dark, and wayward still
In his deep thoughts appears:

Now he seems wrapt in gloomy doubt,
Contending passions shew
Their moody forms in his fierce eyes,
And his contracted brow.

Raymond, who oft had seen him thus,
Observ'd his fitful frame;
Let me, he said, good Gondibert,
Again thy promise claim;

Thou oft pursu'dst thy history,
Which fill'd my greedy ears,
Till thou dist burst away at once,
Or drown it with thy tears.

While thus he spoke, fair Ethelind,
Grown paler with affright,
Unseen of Raymond, on the sage
Had fix'd her wond'ring sight—

As one, who on the swampy banks
Of Niger, haply views
The lurking serpent's radiant eyes
Flash from the sedgy ooze,

Tho' fixt awhile he stand, caught by
Their fascinating fires,
Retires still looking on the foe,
And looking still retires,

Thus Ethelind.—She saw (the sight
Terrific fears imprest)
A murd'rous, wavy dagger, shine
Beneath the hermit's vest.

She turn'd to speak, but speechless dread
Thro' all her bosom ran:
Meanwhile the unobserving friar
His story thus began.

When Edward, Henry's warlike son,
Allur'd by glory's charms,
To Salem's tow'rs his standard bore,
I join'd a world in arms.

Born of a noble ancestry,
I priz'd the spotless name;
And sought, disdaining slothful ease,
To emulate their fame.

Like them I burn'd around the cross
The laurel wreath to twine,
And drive the haughty Saracen
From Judah's sacred shrine.—

Unnumber'd as from mountains shook,
Roll down the shiver'd sands,
Then Europe, from her thousand gates,
Pour'd forth her armed bands:

No obstacles their course impede,
Nor toil, nor danger tires;
The prince and prelate rush to arms,
When zeal or glory fires:

E'en Love, imperious Love, who leads
O'er Afric's burning fields
Their savage lord—who conquers all—
E'en Love to glory yields.

Now patriot fame, religion, arms,
Their mingled lustre blend—
I lost within their blaze, the name
Of husband, father, friend!

Alas!—I had a beauteous wife—
Her fate—wou'd 'twere forgot;
Or utter'd like the starling's tale,
Still innocent of thought!

Yes, she was lovelier than the flow'rs
That scent the balmy air;
(Curse on the hope of steril fame
Why did I seek the war

To leave for unsubstantial good
The gifts I so much priz'd:)
Oh, fairer than the poet's thought—
His vision realiz'd!

Yet, yet I left her—fatal day!
Scarce had our vessels clear'd
Almeria's coast, and with full sails
For distant Egypt steer'd,

When, O the dire disgrace! what late,
With nameless raptures fraught,
Mixt with my life thro' ev'ry vein,
Now poison'd ev'ry thought:

Say, what more deeply wounds the heart
Than doating love deceiv'd?—
Her falsehood, like a gossip's tale,
Was common, and believ'd.

She who so late, (as round the elm
Entwines the mantling vine,)
Clung to my heart, and rooting there,
Her being blent with mine,

Could she be false? and must I tear
Her from my bleeding breast,
And leave my bald and leafless trunk
To scorn's malignant jest?—

The tale was wrought with so much art,
And plausive evidence,
Not to believe, or but to doubt,
Had been a fool's pretence.

What cou'd I do? O, fell resolve!
I vow'd no more to breathe
My native air—I sought the fight,
And hopeless rush'd on death.

The flow'r of England, and of France
A firm compacted band,
Before Damietta's rising tow'rs,
Leapt first upon the strand.

Success attends their fierce attack;
The foe resists in vain,
And floods of unbelieving gore,
Imbru'd the thirsty plain.

Ten thousand (knights and 'squires, and men)
To Cairo urge their way,
(The army left encamp'd behind,)
Impatient for the fray.

With these I drag the toilsome march,
And wind the deep defile,
And cross the inundated plains,
Or stem the rapid Nile.

At length we reach Massoura's tow'rs,
With glitt'ring crescents crown'd;
Our heralds sound aloud to arms—
To arms her walls resound:

Near, and more near, from adverse hills
Th' impatient warriors drew.
Thro' clouds of dust their armour shone,
Their waving banners flew,

And now aloft their moony flag
Advances from afar—
We spur our thund'ring coursers forth,
And rush upon the war.—

What Christian champions of renown
Here found an early fate,
Whence sprung, their names, what arms they bore,
'Twere tedious to relate;

But sad remembrance drops a tear
O'er one, a gallant youth,
My earliest friend—the paragon
Of chivalry and truth.

In sportive infancy our hearts
Confest a gen'rous flame,
From children, e'en to manhood grown,
Our wishes were the same:

No dark suspicions lurking there
Drove honest freedom thence,
Each gave alike, and each receiv'd,
A boundless confidence.

Together to the wars we come,
Together cross the Nile,
And stem the inundated plains,
And wind the deep defile:

Still side by side, on horse, on foot,
As glory leads us on;
So match'd our arms, and steeds, we seem
A double champion.

But him, before his bloodless lance
A hostile breast cou'd meet,
An arrow from a Turkish bow
Laid gasping at my feet.

Just where within the grated helm
His beamy eyes were seen,
The death-directed arrow lit,
And quiv'ring stuck between:

Live to revenge he cried—I swore,
But death had clos'd his eyes—
His spirit linger'd for the oath,
And, gladly sought the skies.—

If social sympathy delight,
And swell the lion's heart,
When, in his friend he sees transfix'd
The hunter's griding dart;

Rememb'ring all their sylvan sports,
He feels the dire disgrace,
And big round tears of liquid fire
Roll down his savage face;

Wide o'er the Lybian wilds, forlorn,
He bears his piteous moans;
The rocks, the caves, the hollow woods,
Rebellow to his groans;

Anon, his horrent mane erects,
He glares revengeful round,
He turns, and tears the hunter's limbs,
And scatters o'er the ground.

Thus when—and yet it ill becomes
My own exploits to boast;
Let it suffice my slaught'ring arm
Appeas'd the warrior's ghost.—

Now lance, and brandish'd javelin,
The sabre, and the spear,
A cloud of living armory
Fly hurtling in the air:

The battle rages fell and fierce:
As seas on rocks impell'd,
By turns each furious host assails,
And is by turns repell'd.

Here the couch'd lance and warlike horse
Impetuous urge their way;
On this side now, and now on that,
Fly terror and dismay:

Tumultuous to the sedgy brink
Of Nile, the Christians throng;
As winds pursue autumnal leaves
They drive the foe along;

Now on the shore, now in the flood
Their arms refulgent gleam,
And hollow turbans, eddying round,
Float down the rapid stream.

Nile rose from his resounding caves,
His troubled billows red
With hostile blood, he look'd around,
He trembled, and he fled!

For now, o'ershadowing either host,
Horror his standard bore;
And death, pale, stalking o'er the slain,
Quaff'd deep the reeking gore!

When, as the bees a swain surround
Who cast in thought, by stealth
To reap the produce of their toil,
And seize a nation's wealth;

Fierce hordes of ambush'd infidels
Our harrass'd bands surround:
A thousand red-cross knights and men
Lay gasping on the ground.

Amongst the rest I fell—'twas night,
The plund'rers stript the slain,
Lit by the moon, whose rising orb
Gleam'd o'er the ghastly plain.

The cold blood, clotted round my wounds,
Had stay'd my fleeting breath;
Anon, I liv'd—I mov'd—I left
The gloomy shades of death.

Now lonely thro' the silent night
I bend my doubtful way,
Where mangled limbs of men and steeds,
And shiver'd weapons lay.

Borne on the wind, from far I hear
The victor's revelry—
And now a deep expiring groan,
And now a mournful sigh:

Around I cast a wistful look
Where Edward's army stood:
Far off, their tents, and glimm'ring fires,
Reflected in the flood.

Thither I bent my feeble steps,
A pale affrighted ghost,
And wander'd mournfully along
The Styx I wou'd have crost.

But deep and rapid was the stream,
And high the adverse shore;
Alas! I sunk despairing down,
And thought of life no more.

END OF PART VI.

SIR HUBERT.

PART VII.

Aspera tum positis mitescent sæcula bellis;
Cana Fides et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus,
Jura dabunt. Diræ ferro et compagibus arctis
Claudentur belli portæ. Furor impius intùs
Sæva sedens super arma, et centum vinctus ahenis
Post tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.

VIRGIL.

SIR HUBERT.

O might the wise resolves of gods
My glowing soul inspire!
That, with an universal voice,
Sweet as a seraph's lyre,

And loud, if such celestial sounds
Were meet for mortal ears,
As the immortal songs are heard
Resounding from the spheres,

If, higher than Olympus' height,
Sublimely thron'd, 'twere giv'n
To pour the peaceful mandate forth,
The delegate of heav'n!

Then, all th' assembled world shou'd hear
My thund'ring periods roll,
Conviction flashing on the heart,
From Ind to either pole;

The princely rulers of the earth,
Attentive to my lore,
Shou'd sheath the murd'rous sword, and be
The foes of man no more.

Why do contending nations rage,
Infuriate, to destroy,
And mix with bitter tears of woe
Man's transient cup of joy?

O say?—Has life no charm save when
The blessings it bestows
Are steep'd in the warm stream of life
Which from a brother flows?

Wide o'er the spacious earth the sun
Divides his equal beams,
And rivers, from a thousand urns,
Pour their prolific streams:

Enough to sate the various sense,
The god of nature gave;
'Be temp'rate and be blest,' he said,
What is there more to crave?

Why then, O fell ambition! are
Thy bolts destructive hurl'd;
Why waves thy blood-stain'd banner o'er
A subjugated world?

To gather, reckless of the crime,
The plains thou hast not till'd;
With swords, not sickles, still to reap
Thy neighbour's plenteous field:

For this, opposing man to man,
For pow'r, on false pretence
Of enmity in nature bred,
Thy fatal eloquence

Inspires one half o'th' world to hold
The other still their foe;
Friends—brethren—those, who but for thee
Had liv'd for ever so.—

Sometimes, a priest, thou shak'st the torch
Of zealous fury, round
The altars of opposing gods,
Whom prostrate tribes surround;

Sudden, they rise to vindicate
The sacred rite prophan'd,
And bear their holy vengeance forth
To scourge the guilty land.

Not fiercer than the fiends of hell
Rush from their dark abodes,
To wreak on man's devoted race
The vengeance due to gods:

The unoffending infant falls.
The virgin shrieks in vain:
Each age and those of ev'ry sex
Fall victims to thy reign.

Stores, villages and towns are burnt
Or raz'd to glut thy rage
And one ill-fated day destroys
The labors of an age!——

Digressive thus as he discours'd,
Sir Raymond mark'd the friar;
His frenzied bosom heav'd with rage,
And his fierce eyes shot fire:

Nor less the gentle Ethelind
His frantic looks surprize;
She listens wond'ring at his fate,
And his wild rhapsodies.

Anon he thus resum'd his tale.—
Ere yet 'twas rising day,
As by the Nile's impetuous flood,
Senseless and cold I lay,

Some merchants, travelling by night
At distant marts to trade,
Beheld me stretch'd upon the ground,
And on a camel laid.

If life had been my anxious care,
What had not been my fears,
Soon as an hostile Arab's voice
Deep-sounding, struck my ears?

Slay me, I cried!—(a convert slave
Had, for he lov'd me, taught
Some knowledge of his tongue, my sire
His liberty had bought.)

Slay me at once, I cried, I am
A Christian enemy—
Expect no ransom from a wretch
Who wishes but to die.

Fear not, he said, I do not ask
Thy country or thy name,
Thou art a man, and in distress,
Thou need'st no other claim.

(There are some tongues can counterfeit
The speech of truth so well,
That, shou'd the look affirm the cheat,
'Twere difficult to tell

If that the heart assent or not,
Yet is the metal known,
Allay'd, or pure, to subtile ears,
By its resounding tone:

Such is the thrilling note of truth.)
I hail'd the voice divine—
It went directly to my heart,
It harmoniz'd with mine.

O gen'rous man! I cried, and can'st
Thou feel a wretch's woe?
Can'st thou be kind? Can Heathen breasts
With Christian virtues glow?

For various faith, he back return'd,
Let hostile states contend;
Have I not said?—Thou wert distress'd,
And Mulech is thy friend.

And now, (for he was skill'd in herbs)
With tend'rest care, he bound
The lenient bandage round my limbs,
Grown stiff with many a wound:

Nor less those of his friendly train
Their eager service prest:
This kindly brings refective food,
And that supplies a vest.

One fills, and brings a brazen ewer,
While one assiduous stands
To bathe my feet, and free from dust,
My blood-polluted hands.

Meanwhile we travel o'er the waste:
Refreshing slumbers close
My eyes, profound as death I lay
In undisturb'd repose

Till mid-day shot his downward beams;
(A hot and trembling light,)
Then, on the hospitable chief,
I cast my languid sight.

Tall was he, and of noble mien,
More to be lov'd than fear'd:
Low o'er his manly chest there hung
A rev'rend length of beard;

His looks, intelligent, serene,
Bespoke th' experienc'd sage;
And his expansive brows were mark'd
With thinking more than age.

His gesture, look, and voice, bespoke
A mind erect and free;
In all there seem'd—I found in all,
A bold simplicity.

'Twere needless to repeat my thanks
For Mulech's kind regard.
Or how his noble soul disdain'd
The proffer of reward.

I felt his virtues and admir'd,
And, when my wounds were heal'd,
('Twas what I hop'd) my services
My gratitude reveal'd.

And now, of Mulech's train, I rove
The sandy desart wide,
The crooked cimeter (his gift)
Depended from my side.

Yet oft (cou'd I myself forget?)
Grief rush'd upon my mind,
And had'st thou, fortune, still, (I thought)
Another shaft behind!

Forlorn of friendship and of love,
Shall I my being owe
To a vile Saracen's regard
A heathen and a foe?

Have I not curs'd the infidel
And curs'd with sacred breath?
Yes, I have sworn to hate his race,
And persecute to death.

Thus erring I revolv'd, but soon
(So strong is nature's spell)
I lov'd him, rev'renc'd, I forgot
He was an infidel—

In love, mysterious pow'r! like souls
At first approach acquire
The thrilling touch of tender joy,
And burn with sudden fire;

Unlike condition, climate, age,
Concording passions move;
Love equals all, imperious still,
And, all submit to love;

But slow, and similar in these,
By frequent intercourse
Of good reciprocal, friendship
Acquires a lasting force.

Once planted in this fruitful soil
The oak-like virtues spread;
And intertwist their roots below,
And mix above their shade;

Together thro' the winter's storm,
And summer's scorching flame,
Unchanging at the heart, they grow
From life till death the same:

I liv'd with Mulech thus—each day
Some interchange of thought,
Still anxious for the good of each,
A gradual friendship wrought.

The knowledge of our western world,
Its arts and policy,
Its commerce, lit'rature, whate'er
I knew, he gain'd from me:

While he, instructed to select
Arabia's costly gums,
The pearls of Persia and her gems,
And Merab's rich perfumes;

Of plants, the healing pow'rs he taught,
As bred in physic's school;
But chief, in ethic lore he shone,
Th' example and the rule.

Scarce cou'd the mutual flame encrease
Which in our bosoms glow'd,
When fortune gave me (kind in this)
To pay the debt I ow'd.

I chanc'd one night—the wind had ceas'd
Which thro' the sultry day
The billowy sand in eddies whirl'd
O'er all the trackless way;

We seek the covert of a glade
Where some scant herbage grows,
And crystal waters from the rock
With grateful murmur flows.

Our herd drink copious of the stream,
Or graze the dewy land;
Apart our weary camels lie,
Or ruminating stand.

Mulech at distance had retir'd;
And, leaning on his lance,
Gaz'd studious on the twinkling stars
That fill'd the vast expanse—

Forth from the brake a tygress sprung!
And, seizing by the arm,
Had dragg'd him to her distant den,
But fill'd with dread alarm,

Desp'rate, with eager haste I rush'd,
And, having caught a spear,
I plung'd it in her savage heart,
And left it quiv'ring there!

Why need I tell what Mulech said
When (having lost his fears)
He flew, and clasp'd me to his breast,
And bath'd my neck with tears?

Why say that I refus'd his gifts,
His gems of rich devise?
Within my grateful heart I wore
A pearl of greater price.—

Now, o'er the naked wilderness
Our pathless course we keep,
And search the rocks for healthful springs
And past'rage for our sheep;

Or weave the camel's annual coat,
Each season to withstand,
Or train the gen'rous friendly horse,
To know his rider's hand—

With gentle words, not cruel arts,
Their rapid course we guide,
No whip incessant wounds the back,
No goring spur the side.

It was an enviable life!
For all were kind and free,
And master, servants, cattle, made
One happy family.

Oft when to busy marts we bore
Our costly merchandize,
In leisure we awhile forgot
The sands and breathless skies;

Or, when the wand'ring nations pour'd
Along the burning soil
Confed'rate, to resist the foe,
We shar'd the warlike toil.

There freedom rears her hallow'd shrine!
The emir, and the swain,
Oppression, shame, and luxury,
Behold with like disdain:

Her gifts society confers;
Nor, for the good she gives,
Exacts from subjugated man
Man's best prerogatives.

Ill tho' this wand'ring life might seem
To suit a chief in arms,
For me, whom fortune had forsook,
It was not void of charms:

Those wilds, such was my dreary mind,
Accorded with its tone;
There I cou'd nurse my secret griefs,
And wander still unknown.

But yet tho' fortune's rankling shaft
Transfix'd my heart's warm core,
One still more baneful to my peace
Her fatal quiver bore.

On Salem's tow'rs the Turkish flag
Triumphant was display'd,
'Twas there I learn'd (for at her mart
The Arab us'd to trade,)

That, pure as monumental stone,
The partner of my breast,
Had, with the pledge of our fond loves,
Sunk to eternal rest!

And that, in vain, a tyrant's force
My vassals had withstood,
Castles and patrimonial lands
His stronger force subdu'd.—

For wealth indeed, my humbler thoughts
Had long forgot to sigh,
But, to have been the dupe of knaves,
And groundless jealousy

Conceiv'd in malice, slander bred,
Oh! that—and then to know
(That thought stings yet) those years I'd past
Of still corroding woe,

Nor those alone, but years to come
Perchance, save but for this
Had flown in joy, and crown'd my love
With still increasing bliss:

Perhaps, a smiling progeny
Had own'd a mother's care;
If daughters, blest with all her worth,
As virtuous and as fair;

If sons, transmitting still to sons
Th' hereditary flame
Like vestal fire, our deeds had grac'd
The rolls of distant fame:

The world had trod with silent awe
Around our sculptur'd tomb;
At once th' example and the boast
Of heroes yet to come!

Oh that was madness to my thought!
From me, the last, I said,
Of a long line of ancestry
Parental hope is fled:

Cut off from love and fame, the world
Is one vast ruin grown:
And 'mid the desolated wreck
I seem to stand alone!

In vain the friendly Arab strove
To sooth my tortur'd soul,
My grief, grown jealous of his pow'r,
Imperious scorn'd controul.

Philosophy, tho' bright not warm,
Cou'd no delight impart;
Her beams, as stars from rocks of ice,
Reflected from my heart.

I will be wretched, I exclaim'd!
I'll riot in my grief!
'Tis all my cruel fate has left,
'Tis mis'ry's last relief,

And wou'dst thou rob me e'en of that!—
The hermit ceas'd—his woe
Impetuous bursting from his heart,
Forbade his words to flow:

Sir Raymond too and Ethelind
Like weeping statues stood;
'Till, in a less impassion'd tone,
The friar his tale pursu'd.

With sorrows such as mine, the heart
Contracts—he does not grow
A misanthrope who wills, but whom
Misfortune fashions so.

Sometimes I thought my useless life
In caverns to seclude;
Or pass in cloister'd cells remote
A sacred solitude.

Let me not tread the haunts, I cried,
Where earthly joys are seen,
Nor feel too poignant what I am,
By what I might have been!

Rather, said Mulech, since thou'rt bent
No comfort to receive,
And wilt be gone, take this advice,
The last thy friend shall give—

By travel, learn to dissipate
Thy sorrow and its cause;
Study the world, her various tribes,
Their genius and their laws;

Live not in vain—thou yet hast strength
And true nobility,
An upright mind—thou hast too much
Of life to waste—go—be

The friend of man: th' ungrateful world
May ill repay thy care,
But who loves virtue for herself,
Her best reward shall share,

Go then—do good; and Mahomet
Thy peaceful steps attend!
Farewell! and sometimes think on me—
Where'er thy wishes bend,

While yet thy solitary heart
Shall feel the vital stream,
Think on the swarthy Arab—go
In peace!—speak well of him

Who priz'd, who lov'd thee as his son:
The burning sands shall be
Oft track'd with drops of silent grief
When Mulech thinks on thee!—

Mulech I left, and from Julfar,
With many a tender tear,
Embarking for the Persian gulph,
To fam'd Bassora steer:

Then, coast along the Tygris' bank,
Where ancient Bagdad lies,
And Mosques, and Harems crouded stand,
And splendid turrets rise,

In many Eastern states remote,
My vagrant feet I rest,
Where luxury and pow'r debase
Th' oppressor and th' opprest.

Too oft indeed where'er I roam'd,
From Persia to Japan,
This melancholy truth I found
That man's the foe of man—

O blind to reason and to truth!
Will tyrant's never know,
That they are blest, and only they,
Who make their fellows so!

A pilgrim now, with wand'ring tribes,
Beneath the scorching blast,
From Jaffa to the prophet's tomb,
I cross the trackless waste;

Or where the sun impatient rose
To hear a nation's praise,
While yet he fondly lingers there,
And sheds his latest rays,

I solitary stand, and sigh,
And drop a pensive tear—
Renown'd Palmyra! ruin vast,
Magnificent, and drear!

Here let ambition view, I said,
The temple and the bust,
With grass and vilest weeds o'ergrown,
Confounded in the dust:

Fall'n are thy stately palaces,
With flatt'ring statues fraught,
And silent are thy halls and bow'rs;
Thy fame itself forgot!

Let not from dark oblivion's pow'r
The sculptor hope to save,
Nor e'en thy lyre, sweet poesy!
The noble or the brave.

Unhappy transient state of man,
Which like the springing flow'rs
The morning sun awakes to life,
The midnight frost devours.

Nations from barb'rous indigence,
To social comforts rise,
From comforts by degrees to wealth,
From wealth to luxuries.

(O! fortunate whom temp'rate toil
Supplies with food and health,
Too happy nations, had ye known
Nor poverty nor wealth!)

Now commerce spreads her daring wings;
The lofty domes ascend;
And pictures glow, and statues breathe,
Prophetic of their end.

Refinement thus enerves the soul
With meretricious joys;
The balm and poison both, that while
It sweetens life, destroys.

Thus, slow to strength and beauty rear'd,
Beheld with wond'ring eyes,
Centennial bursting on the view,
The aloe blooms—and dies!

And thus, that only bird, sublime,
Involv'd in od'rous fires,
Soft clouds of incense wafting round,
Her fragrant soul expires.—

Twelve circuits thro' the boundless air
Th' unwearied sun had made,
Since last I saw on Albion's cliffs
His rising lustre spread—

Sure some magnetic influence,
How far soe'er we roam,
Which time itself can ne'er destroy,
Attracts us still to home!

Yes, I will leave my dust, I said,
On my maternal earth;
A birth still crueller than kind,
Yet—England gave me birth!

I came, but in my native air
Too feelingly alive,
My widow'd bosom bleeds again,
And all my woes revive.

Unknown of all, so chang'd my mien,
I seem a palmer poor,
With hermit's scrip and oaken staff
I rove the country o'er—

Ah! how unlike my former state!
But I had learn'd to know,
That worth, not wealth enhances life,
And scorn'd the outward shew.

At length, within this lone retreat,
Far from a world of strife,
In studious solitude I sought
To close my weary life.

Still nature charm'd—the lonely shade,
The soft complaining rill,
Congenial murmur'd to my soul,
And sooth'd my sorrows still.

But ah, what mortal sight, howe'er
Refin'd, can penetrate
The dark decrees of wiser heav'n,
And read his future fate;

Or what recluse shall say (if yet
His heart some feeling) owns;
This turf shall shield—this grassy turf
Grow green upon my bones.

E'en now, the love of life revives,
As sleeping embers glow,
And brighten to a flame—but whence?
Attend and ye shall know.

Excursive as I wander free,
Of man the useful friend,
And to the wretched and the poor
My charities extend,

Returning from a distant town,
One morning I beheld
A youthful knight in shining arms
Lie bleeding on the field:

Thou wert that knight, thy courser stood
As he had mourn'd thee slain,
And wildly star'd, and snuff'd the air,
And tore th' ensanguin'd plain.

Soon as thy helmet I unbrac'd
Within a neighbouring wood,
I gaz'd with wonder on thy face,
And like a statue stood;

But, when I saw the gem thou wor'st—
Mysterious pow'rs, I cried!
'Tis he—'tis he! I said, and sunk
Transported by thy side!

Oh Raymond know——the friar ceas'd,
For thro' the distant glen
The sounds of hasty feet were heard
Of horses and of men.

END OF PART VII.

SIR HUBERT.

PART VIII.

.... Tibi præterea quid machiner, inveniamque,
Quod placeat, nihil est.....

LUCRET.

SIR HUBERT.

AGAIN (if I deserve thy aid)
Whether by Arno's stream
Pensive thou lie, so vocal oft
To thy romantic theme;

Or if, among her druid oaks,
Thro' Mona's vales thou stray;
Or, still lamenting, hang fresh wreaths
Around the tomb of GRAY,

Muse of the gothic harp, be near!
Be near, nor yet disdain
My humbler verse; the last, the least,
The meanest of thy train:

Not with proemial hand, as late,
Delusive to prolong,
Sweep now impetuous o'er the strings,
And end thy varied song,

Say what befel when hasty feet
Within the wood were heard,
And steeds swift rushing thro' the boughs,
And glitt'ring arms appear'd?

Sir Raymond grasp'd his trusty sword,
And half unsheath'd the blade;
While o'er the trembling Ethelind
A paly terror spread—

Friar, prepare to meet thy foe!
(A breathless warrior said,
His voice yet echoing thro' the wood
Scarce flew before his steed)

Fly instant! for, with fury wing'd
The fell lord Hubert flies
To wreak on thee his vengeful ire,
And claim his beauteous prize:

When evening rose, from Roslin tow'rs
Our gallant band took horse,
And hid in friendly shades of night
Pursu'd a various course;

Meeting at morn, from yon high rock
A cloud of dust we view'd,
And trac'd advancing o'er the hills,
But lost it in the wood.

Death to my hopes! the friar return'd,
Who has reveal'd our flight?
Suspicious still, what shall escape
A tyrant's piercing sight?—

My friend, thanks for thy haste, fear not,
There ye may well oppose
(The rocks all passage else deny)
The entrance of our foes:

Arm, Raymond, arm with speed! the fell
Lord Hubert comes—conceal
Fair Ethelind—the secret cave
Thou know'st, beneath my cell,—

Haste, haste!—The lovers fled.—What fear
That gentle maid confest,
While Raymond cloath'd himself in steel
And for the fight addrest!

Why are we thus ordain'd to woe—
Bereft of hope? she said,
And must I see thee fall again,
Again bewail thee dead—

Alas! t'appease offended heav'n
What off'ring shall prevail,
(Mysterious pow'rs) if neither truth
Nor innocence avail?

But shall I, in his hated walls
The captive of thy foe,
Tamely survive thy death, and bend
Beneath a weight of woe?

Sooner I'd climb yon tow'ring cliff,
And from the fearful height,
Clasp'd in thy dear, thy last embrace,
Plunge deep in endless night!

Raymond, with kind consoling words,
Repress'd her sad despair:
The good, he said with looks of love,
Are heav'n's peculiar care.

The trusty 'squires Sir Rowland sends,
All bred to martial deeds,
Shall quell a host of heartless foes
Whom vile oppression leads:

For me, tho' faint with haste and toil,
When last I met the foe,
Intemp'rate in my wrath, I fell
Beneath his fiercer blow,

Now, more propitious conqu'ring heav'n
Has all my bosom fir'd;
What shall not valor's arm atchieve
By heav'n and thee inspir'd?—

Thus he, while from his vivid eyes
A lambent lustre beams;
And now his long neglected arms
Enclose his manly limbs.—

Meanwhile, Sir Hubert and his 'squires
Within the forest stray,
On horseback now, and now on foot,
Along the dang'rous way.

High on the rock's abrupt ascent
Crown'd with entangled wood,
(His steed his 'squire led on behind)
At length Sir Hubert stood.

Soon as he saw the friar below,
Sudden with anger pale,
Nor shelving rock nor brake impede,
He rushes to the dale.

But that my sword disdains, he said,
To drink thy worthless gore
With age and infamy grown black,
E'en now thou wert no more:

Fool, not to know, thy sacred garb,
And heav'n-belying mien,
Were but the mask of sanctity,
The cov'ring of thy sin.

Perfidious! still at thy approach
My gates were open'd wide,
My beds refresh'd thy weary limbs,
Thy scrip my board supplied:

For this, when love imperious grown
Brook'd no delay, for this,
The cup already at my lips,
Thou robb'dst me of the bliss.

Not yet around thy madding heart
Congeals love-killing frost—
Say what excuse for youthful joys
Has wither'd age to boast?

Defame not spotless innocence,
Th' indignant sage return'd—
His eyes beam'd fire, with rage suppress'd
His struggling bosom burn'd—

Nor think because thy tainted soul
Is scorch'd with lawless fires,
That therefore all, e'en age itself
Consumes with fierce desires;

Unhappy as thou art! For me,
I bless th' auspicious hour
When touch'd with pity at her fate,
Imprison'd in thy tow'r,

(When, led by fortune to thy walls,
Thyself did'st ask my aid)
I bless the hour my thought conceiv'd
To free the captive maid.

Thus ever may the gen'rous heart
Its stratagems employ,
When those, forgetting knighthood's laws,
Who shou'd protect, destroy.—

Babbler no more! if life be worth
Thy care, restore the maid
Or by the heav'n thou hop'st—thou diest!
Scarce had Sir Hubert said,

When, as the sun from op'ning clouds
Gleams sudden o'er the lands,
Swift from the cell before him, arm'd,
Intrepid Raymond stands.

Sir Hubert stood aghast! surprize,
And guilty horror prest,
Suspending life, on ev'ry pulse:
Him Raymond thus addrest—

Well may, thou hateful ravisher,
Thy tongue forget to speak,
Thy baleful eye-balls wildly glare,
And terror pale thy cheek;

Think'st thou, returning from the grave,
With lightnings arm'd I come,
Heav'n's vengeful messenger, to seize
And drag thee to thy doom,

Now, when thy soul no longer feels
Insatiate thirst of more?
For, thy false heart is swell'd with vice,
And blacken'd to the core;

Earth groans beneath thy weight of sin—
Earth trembles at thy tread!
Thy breath consumes! The country wide
Is wither'd in thy shade!

No tyrant! yet with mortal force
I stand a champion knight,
Again, for Honor and for Love,
I dare thee to the fight,

Come on—heav'n nerve my vengeful arm,
And victory's assur'd;
Tyrant, come on! for thy black soul,
Shall smoke upon my sword!—

To whom thus Hubert (while disdain
Sat scowling on his eyes,)
Thy life I scorn, howe'er preserv'd,
And thy vain threats despise:

When breathless, to my erring thought,
I left thee on the plain,
Who more than I cou'd curse the blow,
Who more lament thee slain!

Dost wonder? Hear—ere thou wert known
To be Sir Bertram's son,
My hate, instinctive of thy race,
Had mark'd thee for its own.

Think not, because thou shin'st in arms
The rival of my fame,
Tho' orphans, widows, virgins pray'rs
Still consecrate thy name,

Think not because thy god-like mien,
Where all the virtues glow,
Hath won the love of Ethelind,
That thence I am thy foe—

Tho' hatred never lights so sure
Her pale destructive fire,
As in his heart who can applaud,
And, what he hates, admire,

These I disdain—nature who form'd
My limbs of giant size,
Still faithful to her great intent,
A mighty soul supplies;

One solitary virtue there
Drinks all the fire she gave—
I feel—I hear my father's ghost
Applaud it from the grave.

He, vanquish'd in the tournament,
'Twas thy proud sire's to claim
The beauteous spoil, the victor's prize;
But his remain'd the shame!

He liv'd to propagate the hate
Then sworn to thine and thee,
And, with his dying breath, bequeath'd
That heritage to me:

How I *shall* keep the oath I swore
To him I lov'd so well,
And how revenge his dire disgrace,
Thy future fate may tell;

How I have kept—thou know'st, for, since
Forbade the spear to weild
'Gainst thy inferior arm, and drive
Thee recreant from the field,

Altho' not born for softer arts,
Myself I strove t'approve
In what of courteous and of brave
Might win Ethlinda's love—

My soul yet labours with the thought!
'Twere great revenge to see
A scion sprung from that fair stock,
To scourge thy progeny!

But—Ethelind despis'd my suit:
Curse on the luckless hour,
Wou'd I had seiz'd the trembling bliss
So late within my pow'r.—

Deep—deep as hell (Raymond return'd)
Thy fest'ring malice lies,
Which fain in hallow'd duty's cloak
The tyrant wou'd disguise—

Or say thy father made thee swear,
Why hast thou kept the oath?
'Twere impious to impose or keep,
'Gainst heav'n, and honour, both.

What had not been a better cause
Than hatred not thine own,
To taint with shame the cause of arms,
And trample virtue down?

To tempt with gold a vassal train
Against their lord to sin,
And, like a coward robber, steal
The maid thou cou'dst not win.

Coward? (Sir Hubert back replied)
Thy sire my valour knew:
Tho' beardless, yet, a chief in arms,
The foremost still I flew

Then when we fought at Salem's tow'r's
Against the common foe;
I flew the Painim chief whose arm
Was raised to lay him low:

So rooted was my growing hate,
So much I hop'd the day
When lance to lance i' th' listed field,
I might my wrongs repay—

It was not thus—I saw him fall
Amid th' unequal strife:
Wou'd I had drag'd him from the slain,
And call'd him back to life!

Then had he liv'd to see reveng'd
On thee my sire's disgrace—
Oh—had he liv'd to see the hate
I bear his serpent race!

Tyrant, abhorr'd! thou hast thy wish!
(Th' impassion'd sage reply'd,
And stood a knight in glitt'ring steel,
And threw his garb aside,)

In me behold thy injur'd foe!
Sir Bertram stood confest—
Hubert grew pale—while Raymond's eyes
His wond'ring soul exprest.

My sire! and my preserver too!
O bounteous heav'n! he cries—
Thou art—thou art indeed my son!
The warrior chief replies—

Yes! heav'n is just—(to Hubert then,
Who fix'd as marble stood,)
Know'st thou this scarf?—thy father knew,
'Twas sprinkled with his blood—

Tho' twice twelve moons had fill'd their horns
Since his o'erthrow, so great
Was his revenge, he sent this pledge
Of his eternal hate.

I, distant then on hostile shores,
The fatal gift receiv'd—
Alas! too soon his ceaseless hate,
His faithful vows I griev'd:

From Constance, partner of my bed,
He reft my bleeding heart;
Stung jealous to the soul I mourn'd,
The victim of his art.

Nor did her hasten'd death suffice,
(Her spotless life defam'd)
My castles, and extended lands
By false pretence he claim'd:

This dagger too—thou know'st 'twas his,
Had, but that heav'n withstood,
Lent to a base assassin's hand,
Been drench'd in Raymond's blood.

Such, Hubert, was thy cruel sire;
Fit sire of such a son,
Who wou'd have finish'd in his rage,
What hatred had begun!

But heav'n forbade: Raymond I found
Yet welt'ring in his gore,
And knew him by a crystal gem,
Which on his breast he wore.—

Amazement, for a time, unnerv'd
The fell Sir Hubert's frame;
Anon, revenge, and hate at once
Revive their mingled flame;

Aloft he lifts his pond'rous sword
And—had it fallen, its force
Had stretch'd Sir Bertram on the plain,
A pale and headless corse—

But Eth'lind, shrieking from the cell,
Rush'd in with dread despair!
Surprize awhile the tyrant's sword
Held, meteor-like, in air—

Again it threatens—Raymond now,
(Rage flashing from his eyes)
Prepar'd to meet the falling stroke,
Before Sir Bertram flies;

Timely he flies, his ringing shield
Obliquely turns the blow,
And now, collecting all his might,
He drives upon the foe.—

Now, Eth'lind, on his forceful arm
Thy future fates depend;
If Hubert crush his weaker foe,
Thy happy fortunes end:

Be Raymond victor, love and peace
Shall crown thy useful life,
Long shalt thou live thy sire's delight,
And noble Raymond's wife:

Sir Bertram too, his rights restor'd,
Shall late his life resign,
Blest to have seen thy sons extend
Th' hereditary line—

Hark! from the woods the din of arms—
The shouts of victory!
Before Sir Rowland's trusty 'squires
Sir Hubert's vassals fly—

And see! courageous Raymond's sword,
So furiously he fought,
Hath pierc'd the hauberk's pliant mail,
And reach'd the tyrant's throat!

He reels, he groans, he falls, his arms
Ring thund'ring on the ground—
His big heart bursts, and his black soul
Flows mutt'ring from the wound.

FINIS.

Printed by J. Bonsor, Salisbury Square.

NOTES ON SALES.

W. Roberts — 12.1.22.

A PAINTER-POET: J. W. CHANDLER.

Among the many ill-defined and elusive figures in the history of British art during the later years of the eighteenth century there is none more interesting than J. W. Chandler, of whom there is a brief and inadequate notice in the D.N.B., and four lines in Bryan's "Dictionary." All that was known of him was to the effect that he was a natural son of the Earl of Warwick, and that after exhibiting at the Royal Academy of 1787, 1788, and 1791, he left London about 1800, went to Aberdeen, where he painted a good many portraits, and afterwards settled at Edinburgh, where, besides painting, he indulged in freethinking speculations, had occasional fits of insanity, and died "under restraint" about 1804 or 1805, under thirty years of age. A record of his death has been found in the *Scots Magazine* or the *Gentleman's Magazine*. At that period, Professor George Robertson, of Morningside-place, tells us that there was a City Bedlam attached to the Edinburgh Municipal Workhouse Infirmary, and also numerous private asylums in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, all of which have now disappeared; so that any definite record of Chandler's death will be difficult to find. Such record, if it could be found, would probably give the artist's Christian names in full, for these were hitherto unknown.

There is, so far as we can find, no single example of his work under his name in any public gallery in Great Britain, and the only one to appear in a loan exhibition of portraits was the signed portrait of Frances Lady Anderson, 1793, which was at South Kensington in 1868, No. 93. That he had influential friends, as well as great ability, is reasonably certain from those of his portraits which have been traced. There are three by him at Eton College, dating from 1794-6, and all reproduced in Mr. Lionel Cust's "Eton College Portraits," 1910, the Hon. George de Grey (2nd Baron Walsingham), the Hon. George Irby (2nd Baron Boston) and Paul Methuen. Those of his portraits which have been engraved include Prince William of Gloucester, 1799; Sir W. Sidney Smith, 1796; Lord St. Helens, 1795; George Wheatley, chief clerk at Drummond's Bank, 1796, and B. Francis, a Baptist Minister at Horsley, Gloucester, 1794.

It is not known where he was educated or where he studied art; in the latter case probably at the Royal Academy schools. At the *Academy of 1787* he had three pictures hung, *portraits of a boy* and of an artist, and a group of the *four daughters* of a gentleman as the witches in *Macbeth*. In the following year he had four ex-

three portraits, one of which "An English Boxer," a Mr. Tring, whom a contemporary critic described as "Mr. Bradyll's chairman, and 'tis he himself." On these two occasions Chandler's London address is respectively given as 110, Strand, and 1, Red Lion-square. His third and last appearance at the Academy was in 1791, when his address was given in the catalogue as Warwick Castle, and his three exhibits were portraits of a gentleman, a young lady in the character of a Country Girl (probably the picture engraved in 1794 by C. H. Hodges and published as "The Country Girl"), and a nobleman's son in the character of a Shepherd Boy. Possibly these two were children of the Earl of Warwick. Examples of Chandler's work have come into the sale-room from time to time, and almost invariably signed with his initials, "J. W. C." In 1901 a portrait of Lady Matilda Wynyard sold for the small sum of forty-four guineas at Christie's, and two years later at Dowell's rooms in Edinburgh a portrait of Lady D. H. Elphinstone, forty-six inch by fifty-five inch, brought 100 guineas. The late Sir Cuthbert Quilter had a very attractive Raeburn-like portrait of a Mrs. Franklin, signed and dated 1793, which realized 110 guineas at his sale in 1909, whilst a year later a portrait of an unknown lady sold at Christie's for 200 guineas.

Chandler's work is particularly interesting because at various times it seems to show the influence of Romney, Hoopner, Beechey, and Raeburn, and there is reason to believe that his portraits have been accepted as the authentic work of all these painters. F. P. Seguier, in his "Critical and Commercial Dictionary of Painters," 1870, groups Chandler with Hoppner, and says: "Chandler was a good head painter, but, as with Hoppner, we find weakness in the arms, hands, and inferior parts of his portraits." Chandler figures very little in the art memoirs of the time, but we have a glimpse or two of him in the "Letters and Papers of Andrew Robertson," the Scots miniature painter, who came to London about the time Chandler went to Scotland. Writing from London, June 12, 1801, to John Ewen, Robertson says: "I have been introduced to several artists who knew Mr. Chandler and speak highly of him"; and in the following month he writes to his brother: "I called upon Mr. Northcote (to whom I had a letter from Mr. Chandler)."

But there is an entirely overlooked phase in Chandler's career, accidentally revealed by a little volume rescued recently from one of Messrs. Dobell's shelves of derelict books, choicely bound in full black leather, with gilt edges—"Sir Hubert, an Heroic Ballad, by John Westbrooke Chandler," 1800, printed by J. Bonsor of Salisbury-square, and sold by Kerby of Bond-street, Vernor and Hood of the Poultry, and Lackington, Allen and

doubt about the identity of the artist and the poet. The Preface—in which the writer states that the poem was written "in those moments which could be stolen from a different avocation, for rhyming is not the business of my life"—is dated from Golden-square, May 31, 1800. Boyle's "Court Guide" shows that Chandler was living at No. 7, Golden-square until 1800; in 1801 No. 7 is vacant, and in 1802 George Vandiest is given as the tenant; this curious conjunction of the names of J. W. Chandler and George Vandiest may have a bearing on the portraits of the two Vandiest children, accepted as the works of John Hoppner and bequeathed to the National Gallery in 1914 (the story of these portraits is told in *Chambers's Journal* of February 14, 1920). Chandler's disappearance from No. 7, Golden-square, in 1800 coincides with his removal to Scotland, as already stated. Chandler's "Sir Hubert," which runs into 327 pages, if it does not give evidence of great gifts, does prove that the author had a classical education, for to each of the seven parts there is an appropriate quotation in Latin from Virgil, Horace, Ovid, &c., whilst one is from Barclay's "Argenis." But what is much more important will be found in the introductory verses, in which he speaks of his muse inscribing his "Gothic lays":—

"Greville to thee; and at thy feet
Her willing homage pays."

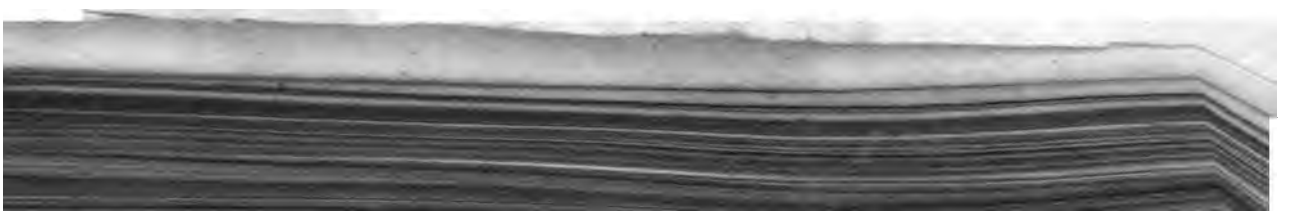
Still addressing Greville, he says:—

"Thou wilt not blame the wand'ring muse,
That, on a summer's day,
Involv'd in visionary thought,
On Derwent's banks she lay,
Framing a thousand airy shapes,
Till, fill'd with fancy's fire,
Wildly she rose—and, erring, for
The pencil snatch'd the lyre!"

Yet two other verses are worth quoting, for reasons which will be obvious:—

"Ere death destroy, or stealing age
The muse's pow'r suspend,
Take them, my kind preceptor, guide,
My patron and my friend—
O take these rude unpolish'd rhymes,
From graver studies won,
Accepting kindly what I have,
For what I might have done."

It was an age when artists found recreation in reading or writing verse. William Blake is perhaps the best known of the painter-poets of the time; but there were also John Hoppner, R.A., and Martin Archer Shee, afterwards P.R.A.; to these *names must* now be added that of John Westbrooke Chandler.



Alfred Marshall

William James Roberts Esq., F.R.S.,

Hillside House,
Duddington, Middlesex
3 February 1

Wm. Roberts Esq
18 Kings Avenue.
Clapham Park,
London. S.W. 4

Dear Mr. Roberts,

In further reference to
letter of 31st Dec. last, and my reply
duly received The Times Literary Sup
12th inst. containing your most inter
account of J. W. Chandler, and am
pleased to learn you have discovered
full name Viz John Westbrooke Cha
Series receiving The Literary Supplem
have gone over most carefully all
old art catalogues and confirm yo
statement that Chandler exhibited
all ten works in the Royal Aca

ndon. I have been unable however to
ny other pictures exhibited by him, nor
et can I discover the year of his death
dinburgh, notwithstanding I have made
rough examination of the following Re
gisters
Buccleuch Church,
Canongate Church,
West Church, St. Cuthberts,
Holyrood Chapel Royal,
Grey Friars Church,
Calton Register of Mortality,
also the Royal College of Surgeons, just in
case his body may have been unclaimed
relatives and sold by the City of Edinburgh
to that College for dissecting purposes, but
no entry appears. I regret much I have
been unable to assist you. You can rest
assured should I come across any item
relative to J. W. Chandler I shall be glad
to advise you. Yours sincerely

Jas. Brownlee Hon

TELEPHONE NO. 1391 CENTRAL.

MORNINGSIDE PLACE,
EDINBURGH.

28th December, 1921.

numerous small Private Asylums which existed at that date in Musselburgh and elsewhere.

I am,

Yours truly,

Georgina Thomson

51